PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

FEB 6 1935

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. IX. No. 205 (New Series) SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1935 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS	Page 93	BOOKS IN GENERAL. By G. W. Stonier	Page 108
ERIC, OR LITTLE BY LITTLE	96	REVIEWS:	
WHAT IS INFLATION?	97	New Novels. By Peter Quennell	109
A LONDON DIARY	98	A Triumph of Ugliness. By Clive Bell.	110
THIS ENGLAND	99	Splendour and Wretchedness. By Edward Sackville West	110
GORGONZOLA. By Y. Y.	100	January Murders. By Ralph Partridge	112
THE CASE OF A SEA-SLUG. By E. L. Grant Watson	101	Murder Most Foul. By Richard Strachey	114
ODIN ÜBER DEUTSCHLAND. By Sagittarius	102	Marxism. By H. J. Laski	114
CORRESPONDENCE	102	The Forgotten Empire Builder	116
From V. A. Hyett; J. M. Keynes; Luis A. Bolin; Alice Jenkins; Dr. Harry Roberts; Leonard Stein; A. L. B. Hardcastle; Donald Belcher; Richard Hope; William Farr; John M. Biggar; Basil Martin.		English Villages	116
SEEN IN LONDON	105	SHORTER NOTICES	118
HOW TO PRAISE. By W. J. Turner	105	ABOUT MOTORING	118
PRIMITIVES AND OTHERS. By Rodney Collin	106	WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	120
PLAYS AND PICTURES	107	CROSSWORD	122
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador	124

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE scheme for the insurance of agricultural workers drawn up by the Statutory Committee covers some 750,000 persons in agriculture, forestry and horticulture. It is based, as it had to be, on lower rates of contribution and benefit than those in force for industrial workers. (The benefits, indeed, are too low for a decent standard of living—but so also are ordinary agricultural wages.) The children's allowances proposed, however, are higher, and this may, and should, mean that they will be raised before long to the same level in the general scheme. The Government will presumably lose no time in drafting a Bill; for there must be a period of six months or so after it is passed before benefit begins to be drawn, and during that period the electoral value of the measure will be relatively small. It may anyhow be smaller than it otherwise would have been, owing to the fact that the insurance benefits will, on the face of them, be lower than the relief scales of the Unemployment Assistance Board. But Sir William Beveridge and his colleagues, of course, are not concerned with these considerations. Their task was to evolve a workable scheme of insurance against the risk of unemployment which has now become serious in agriculture. Considering all the difficulties, they have done it well.

Japan the Pacifist

Mr. Hirota, the Japanese Foreign Minister, made a characteristic speech in the Diet last Tuesday. Its guile was transparent. There was an insistence on Japan's love of peace, with assertions in support that will deceive no one who knows the facts. Mr. Hirota declared that the "fundamental policy" of the Japanese Government in the naval negotiations was to carry out a sweeping reduction of armaments. He said it was unimaginable that there should be any cause of conflict between Japan and the U.S.A., and he hinted at a hope of still closer relations with Great Britain. He even had honeyed words for Russia, though he would have preferred (and in saying this he was unquestionably speaking from the heart) to see Soviet military works in the Far East a trifle less formidable. His prophecy of a speedy agreement over the Chinese Eastern Railway was almost instantly fulfilled. The terms of a settlement have been announced, under which Japan will purchase the railway for 170,000,000 yen (just under £10,000,000), one-third to be paid in cash and the rest in goods that Russia wants—including rice, tea, beans, silk and copper. The price is a compromise between the 625,000,000 yen originally demanded by the U.S.S.R. and the 50,000,000 offered by Japan. But this should leave no ill-feeling. The Russians do not really want the railway and the Japanese do, and the end of a long and ugly quarrel will be welcomed on all hands.

Japan the Imperialist

When he came to China Mr. Hirota was bitter-sweet. Professions of goodwill were mixed with warnings. Japan is concerned about Communistic activities in China; she regrets that there is still an anti-Japanese agitation; she is pained that so many of the Chinese still fail to appreciate the true motive of Japanese policy—which is to "assist China to recover her stability." It was not long before the utter cynicism of this was revealed. Mr. Hirota must have known all about the military concentrations on the Jehol border. Within a few hours of the delivery of his speech, a Japanese force of 2,000 troops, with artillery and armoured cars, was advancing on a 25-mile front, and aeroplanes were bombing a number of points along the Great Wall. How far the attack is to be pushed, no one yet knows. "As far as is necessary," the Japanese legation in Peking is reported to have said. That may mean to Peking itself, which is only a hundred miles or so away. In any case this sudden offensive is a grim commentary on Mr. Hirota's pacific pretences. And though war may be a possible way of securing the hegemony of Eastern Asia that Japan aspires to, it is likely to prove a disastrous way—disastrous for Japan as well as others.

The New New Deal

Congress is now busy on President Roosevelt's two major Bills—the one for public works and relief and the other for the provision of social services on a contributory basis. It is significant of the change in American capitalist opinion that this latter—which would have been fought as rank State Socialism only a year or two ago—is now generally regarded as a highly conservative measure, praised by Big Business, and attacked only by those who want to substitute far more generous scales of benefit or to apply less orthodox methods in raising the money. The Relief Bill, on the other hand, is giving rise to plenty of controversy. The business interests dislike it, having come round to the view that it is far cheaper to provide doles than work, and fearful that the provision of work will mean public invasion of the sacred precincts of private enterprise. Moreover, whereas the President has demanded a completely free hand in spending the 4,880,000,000 dollars which the Bill provides, each Congressman who has a pet scheme of his own, or a vested interest to serve, wants to earmark some of the money for his special purposes. There is, however, little doubt of the President's power to override the opposition, and get the wide discretionary authority that he demands. The Bill is being put through under conditions that allow no amendment; it can be sent back for re-committal, but not enough Democrats are likely to "bolt" for this to be secured. President Roosevelt will get his free hand; and before long we may expect to see a really large-scale public works policy in full action for the first time.

Nazis and their Neighbours

The immediate result of the Nazi triumph in the Saar has, of course, been a noisy jubilation, which in itself threatens no immediate mischief—except to an unhappy minority of Saarlanders. That it may be the prelude to a new policy in the Wilhelmstrasse, to a *rapprochement* with France, even to the return of Germany to Geneva, is naturally the hope of Germany's western neighbours, and Hitler himself has hinted at such possibilities, though he has committed himself to nothing. Those who look a little farther ahead remember that Hitler's racial ambitions go south and east as well as west, and that in repudiating reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine he has not given up other dreams of expansion. There are already signs that the Nazis, having swallowed the Saar, may find their appetite revived for other morsels. Danzig is not likely to be tampered with at present; but there are fears of renewed trouble in Austria, and a dangerous situation between Nazis and Lithuanians in Memel. The lost colonies, too, are being talked about again. Dr. Schnee, an ex-colonial governor, made a speech this week which some have taken as implying that the restoration of colonies is to be included in Germany's "equality" claim. If the Leader is astute—and if he has the power—he will restrain the hotheads among his followers, and consolidate his present gains before he asks for more.

The Bulgarian Coup

The latest *coup d'etat* in Bulgaria has been a peaceful affair. It has rescued King Boris from a dangerous predicament and probably saved him his throne. The design of the late Government was apparently to set up a new constitution of a Fascist type, which would have left the king a mere puppet as he is in Italy, and might even have turned him out altogether and established a Republic. The new Government is a Government of army officers, most of them—and particularly General Zlateff, the Prime Minister—devoted royalists. It is talked of grandiloquently as a union of "King, Army and People." But whether it will do any better for the people than its predecessor did is a matter of considerable doubt. Its first act has been a thorough round up of its political (which in Bulgaria includes personal) enemies. It is also reported to be taking strong measures against the leaders of the Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation. That should at any rate ensure it the favour of Jugoslavia.

Too Many Ships Spoil the Profits

The international conference which has been sitting in London has produced a draft scheme for the "rationalisation" of shipping by means of the subsidised laying-up of surplus tonnage. It is proposed, by means of a levy to be added to all freights, to raise funds for a subsidy which will meet the costs of shipping temporarily laid up. The object is to get enough ships taken out of commission to enable the shipowners to raise freight rates to a higher level. The scheme seems likely to require national legislation in each country involved; for Governments are to be asked to collect the levy and hand it over for distribution among the owners. The shipowners' committee naturally contends that the raising of freights will make hardly any difference to the cost of living, of which sea transport accounts for only a small part. The same claim will be made in turn by every interest that wants public enforcement of the schemes for raising prices. Obviously, if it succeeds, the scheme will raise prices. The question is whether they ought to be raised. Shipping rates are admittedly low, and the British Government, like many others, is at present subsidising the shipowners. Indeed, Mr. Runciman is largely behind the present scheme; for he made it a condition of the subsidy that

the British owner should try to secure an international restriction agreement. All that can be said for such an agreement is that it would be better than the international competition in subsidies that rules at present. But what is the sense of pretending that it will not raise prices to the consumer? Of course it will; that is what it is for.

The New Railway Tribunal

After long negotiations, broken off more than once, the railway companies and the three railway Trade Unions have succeeded in drawing up a new scheme to replace the Wages Board machinery terminated by the companies a year or so ago. The chief changes are that appeals to the "arbitral" body are no longer to be allowed except on major issues, and that the form of this body is considerably changed. The old National Wages Board consisted of representatives of the companies and the railwaymen, with four added members chosen equally from the ranks of other employers and other Labour bodies This meant that the Board was nearly always equally divided, with only the impartial chairman to mediate between the two sides. The new Railway Staff National Tribunal will include no representatives of either side, though they will be allowed to nominate assessors to sit with it, but not to sign its reports. It will consist of three persons, one nominated by each side and the third, the chairman, by agreement, or in default of agreement by the Minister of Labour. The Tribunal's decisions, like those of the old Board, will not be legally enforceable. Secondary changes will also be made in sectional and local negotiating machinery, chiefly with the object of speeding up the procedure. The scheme has already been accepted by the Railway Clerks; and it seems likely to be endorsed by the other Unions as well as by the companies. So that is one potential source of industrial trouble out of the way for the time being.

The Prolific Herring

The herring is a humble, but economically important, fish; and it was hardly to be expected that the herring would not, in these days, be served up to the consumer with *sauce Elliot*. The Herring Bill, which is to come before Parliament in the near future, carries out in the main the recommendations of the Sea Fish Committee, which reported last summer. In this, as in other cases of reorganisation, the problem is to eliminate surplus productive capacity which is at present leading to competition at cut prices. There is to be a Herring Board, with a limited authority to raise loans. A small subsidy is to be paid to this body, chiefly for administration and research, and its chief function is to be the elimination, with compensation, of redundant vessels engaged in the fishing, and the licensing of those engaged in the trade, whether as fishermen, curers, or merchants. The consumer is to be given some protection, at least on paper, by extending to the herring trade the powers of the Consumers' Committee already in existence under the Agricultural Marketing Acts. In general, the Bill is so designed as to leave the new Board a free hand in preparing a scheme; but the financial autonomy granted to it is to be less than the Sea Fish Committee proposed, presumably because the Treasury has insisted on reserving control over its expenditure. The fishing industry has been for some time in a bad way, largely owing to the decline in foreign demand and the driving out of the smaller boats by more efficient vessels run by capitalist companies. The proposed Board will not save the inshore fishermen; but it will perhaps give them some sort of compensation at the nation's and the consumers' expense. The Herring Bill is yet another measure of the type now familiar, designed to restrict production within the limits set by economic demand. The demand could be increased in home markets at least by a lowering of the retail price. Millions would eat more herrings if they cost less. There ought to be a substantial saving on the charges that intervene between the fisherman and the consumer.

Green Fields

Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, alarmed by the threat of unregulated exploitation of the beautiful country round Snowdon, has offered 300 acres of land as a present to the public and a nucleus for a British National Park. It is a munificent offer, and we hope that other landowners will follow his lead. It is also a sad reminder of the havoc which "unregulated exploitation" has made, and is still making, all over the country. Champions of beauty and of health, town and regional planners, were for long a voice crying in the wilderness. Now, after vast mischief has been done, local authorities are beginning to wake up to their responsibilities. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to make many of our hideous and unwholesome towns what they ought to be. But something can be done, and we are delighted to have Mr. Herbert Morrison's proposal for a "green belt round London." The swallowing up of the open fields in the suburbs has been widespread and rapid, and we trust that the London County Council will have the full support of all the neighbouring authorities in its plan to stop it. The plan will cost money; but there are few better—and few more urgent—purposes than this on which to spend the rates.

A Hundred New Towns

A fuller account has just appeared of the scheme for building a hundred new towns in Great Britain, each with a population of 50,000. The difficulties of executing such a scheme are many—the cost, for instance, is reckoned as £10,000,000 per town. But the advantages judged in terms of human life would be prodigious. In our great cities the price of land is already exorbitant, the traffic already excessive, and the difficulties of escaping into the country for recreation already almost prohibitive, to say nothing of the cost of travelling to and from work. Yet we continue to aggravate these disadvantages by building further rings of suburbs. New planned towns would not only be healthier and in every way pleasanter, but would in the end probably be cheaper than rebuilding the rookeries bequeathed to us by the nineteenth century. The scheme already has the backing of such distinguished men as the President of the Royal Society, Sir Edward Lutyens, Professor Adshead, General Maurice, Sir Robert Hadfield, Mr. R. Coppock, Mr. Vernon Bartlett, and the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard. It is fully described in a pamphlet called 100 *New Towns for Britain* (Simpkin, Marshall. 2s. 6d.).

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1. *The postage on this issue is: Inland,* 1d.; *Foreign,* 1½d.; *Canada,* 1d.

ERIC, OR LITTLE BY LITTLE

EXCESSIVE caution is not the quality that we usually associate with Mr. Lloyd George, and if he is now putting forward his new programme in an unexpectedly gradualistic and piecemeal fashion we must assume some other motive than timidity. Clearly something has happened to check the exuberance of his first announcement. He proclaimed a New Deal, calculated to satisfy the Labour Party, to carry along the rump of progressive Liberals and to tempt the more eager and sincere of the young Tories. He hinted at a Coalition Government of the Left; we were told of a detailed programme, statistically complete, prepared and vetted by a staff of economic experts. And, since this type of workmanship is rare and leaders of the vigour and personality of Mr. Lloyd George even rarer, reasonable people of many persuasions were ready to give his proposals the most careful and sympathetic consideration.

But what has happened to these proposals? Why is the detailed memorandum not produced? The Bangor speech was remarkable for its scope, its comprehensive generalisations and its vigorous phraseology. But the cats actually let out of Mr. Lloyd George's bag were not as impressive as we had been led to expect. They were familiar and rather tame animals. The War Cabinet of five to meet a peace emergency is quite an attractive idea—if the five are the right five. The Development Committee might mean a great deal if its members were chosen for their agreement upon a drastic policy. But if they are to be chosen because they are experts they will presumably differ as experts do differ, and in that case it is not clear that they will be more valuable, or very different in practice, from Mr. MacDonald's Economic Advisory Committee about which Mr. Lloyd George found so much that was amusing to say. His call for a " prosperity loan " to be spent on housing, roads, railways, canals, and telephones, evokes a general response which is none the less favourable because it has become automatic through repetition. His demand for land settlement means, as it stands, almost nothing at all, because in the case of proposals for land settlement it is the details that matter. Past investigations suggest that the possibilities of land settlement in this country are strictly limited, and we wait with eager scepticism to hear how Mr. Lloyd George proposes to put back on the land a million people who, in any case, seldom show marked keenness for the life of the smallholder. Again, while making some excellent witticisms about the policy of the Bank of England and finding some pungent new phrases to describe the folly of a system which gives us poverty in the midst of plenty, Mr. Lloyd George avoided any specific pronouncement about banking policy. He made it clear that he does not wish to touch the Joint Stock Banks, that he does not approve of Mr. Montagu Norman, and thinks that his successor ought to be less independent of Government policy. And that is really about as far as Mr. Lloyd George has yet gone. The New Deal bears a striking resemblance to the unsuccessful Liberal policy of 1924 and 1929. It is, indeed, as far as it is at present explained to us, rather less advanced than the Yellow Book. It makes no bid for Labour support. It announces, perhaps sensibly as things are, a policy of using tariffs " ruthlessly " in order to force a general reduction of tariffs, and it refers vaguely to the reorganisation of industry. But it says nothing about the place of Labour in industry or in the State; it promises no step towards equality; it would leave the rich rich and the poor poor; it might perhaps reduce unemployment, but it threatens no vested interest, and does nothing to dispossess or even to curb the power of the propertied classes.

It is difficult to believe that this is all that Mr. Lloyd George ever intended to say to the country. Can it be that he was not satisfied with his expert memorandum, or that he had not, when he began his campaign, any clear notion about where it would take him? He is sure that he wishes to ginger up all the political parties; he comes, as Admiral Taylor came, to " give politics a hell of a kick in the pants." But was he, perhaps, doubtful of the direction of his impetus? Is it possible that he has so far only let a few comparatively tame kittens out of his bag, so that he may have time to watch the reactions of Toryism, while he keeps in reserve some more formidable Socialistic cats which can be let out if a Left alliance seems, after all, to offer better prospects than a Conservative one? Does he intend to move little by little from the Right towards the Left, gathering supporters as he goes?

Whatever the explanation, the result is so far much what one might expect. The Labour Party is obviously relieved. It has neither a dangerous rival nor an embarrassing friend. On the other side, the official spokesmen of Conservatism express in their own less vigorous fashion substantial agreement with Mr. Garvin, who welcomes Mr. Lloyd George's septuagenarian energy, but comments that anyone who sees salvation in his proposals had better see an oculist. Mr. Churchill's remarks suggest that to some politicians Mr. Lloyd George's return to politics might prove a welcome opportunity for tactfully removing Mr. MacDonald from his seat of nominal authority. From Mr. Chamberlain no one expects enthusiasm, unless it be enthusiasm about not spending money, but Mr. Chamberlain finds nothing very shocking in Mr. Lloyd George's proposals. Is it significant of Mr. Lloyd George's present state of mind that he seems inclined to congratulate himself on Mr. Chamberlain's neutrality? He has not yet told us what he feels about Lord Beaverbrook's welcome, the warmth of which is only tempered by a regret that he laid so little stress on the Empire, or (more ugly still for a would-be leader of the Left) what he has to say when the *Daily Mail* receives him with an enthusiasm that makes his reception in the *Manchester Guardian* and the *News-Chronicle* seem luke-warm. This is indeed to be all things to a strange variety of men. Perhaps the attitude of the *Times*, which has more strategic wisdom than other Conservative papers, may prove most instructive to Mr. Lloyd George. It blandly welcomes him into the National Government fold, at the same time explaining that his scheme is unsound in so far as it is novel, and that, in so far as it is sound, it is already in process of adoption by Mr. Baldwin, Sir Edward Hilton Young, Sir Kingsley Wood, Mr. Hore Belisha, Mr. Walter Elliot, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Anthony Eden and the other brilliant members of the present National Government. The ruling class, in fact, will willingly welcome Mr. Lloyd George back to the fold as long as it need not make any substantial concessions to buy his support. By

all means let Mr. Lloyd George join the National Government: "Come into the body of the kirk," says the *Times*, in effect, "you will be safely lost among the rest of the congregation."

Mr. Lloyd George is surely too wily a bird for so obvious a trap. Are we still to expect the detailed proposals and the bid for the Left?

WHAT IS INFLATION?

ACCORDING to the advocates of "sound finance," President Roosevelt seems to be always inflating, or about to inflate, or just to have inflated. He sells securities to the Federal Reserve Banks, and uses the proceeds for public works or relief of the unemployed. Barefaced inflation! For the sums he gets from the banks in exchange for his securities are new money, which he proceeds to put into circulation in the hands of the public. Or he decreases the amount of gold in the dollar, and so broadens the basis on which the banks are allowed to create credit. Barefaced inflation again; for what clearer sign of inflation can there be than a fall in the external value of a country's currency? Or he buys silver at an artificially high price, and authorises its use, side by side with gold, as part of the reserve held against the issue of currency. Yet more inflation; for once again the effect is to make additional money with the aid of something that could not be used to create money before.

And yet, after President Roosevelt has done all these things, the danger of inflation seems to be still in the future. Somehow, these expedients cease, even to the orthodox, to seem quite so inflationary when they have been adopted: the real peril always looms a little ahead, in whatever the President is expected to do next, in the course of his attempt to bring American capitalism back to its old condition of prosperity. The terrible prospect just now appears to be that the President will either be driven by Senator Thomas, and other monetary "cranks," to make full use of his powers in relation to silver, or will be compelled by Congress to resort to the creation of new, inflationary money in order to pay the war veterans their contested bonus claims in cash. Inflation is always just round the next corner of the New Deal's zigzag advance.

America is not the only country in which people seem to be in considerable confusion of mind about what is inflation, and what is not. The United States went off the gold standard, and deliberately reduced the dollar's gold value. Germany and Italy, on the other hand, have both clung firmly to the established gold parities of their respective currencies, but have at the same time pursued, with the aid of liberal Government expenditure and "easy" bank advances, a credit policy which has considerably expanded their internal circulation of money. They have, indeed, been able to do this—Germany for a long time past, and Italy just of late—only by control and rationing of the supply of foreign exchange, which means in effect control and rationing of the country's import trade, so as to keep it within the limits of what can be currently purchased with exports. But the German experience at any rate has shown that under these conditions a retention of the old exchange parity is reconcilable with a large expansion of the internal supply of both currency and credit.

It can, of course, be argued that Germany has really been off the gold standard for a long time past, and that Italy also is off it to-day. That may be so, if the phrase "gold standard" is rigidly interpreted. But the fact remains that, despite internal monetary expansion, marks and lire do, on the whole, retain their old values in foreign exchange. Can it then be argued that President Roosevelt has inflated because he has reduced the gold value of the dollar, but that Dr. Schacht and Signor Mussolini have not? Hardly; for all three have taken artificial steps to increase the volume of the internal monetary circulation of their respective countries.

Moreover, what are we to make now of M. Flandin, who has just announced that in France "deflation is at an end"? The Governor of the Bank of France is said to have resigned in orthodox horror at M. Flandin's proposals for stimulating French business by increasing the available supply of money; and anguished cries about the danger of inflation are being raised against the French Prime Minister's new financial proposals. Yet M. Flandin, it appears, has no intention of either reducing the gold value of the French franc, or establishing any control over the foreign exchanges such as Germany has been applying with more and more severity ever since the crisis set in. If M. Flandin is about to "inflate," he apparently means to do this only by making the abundant gold already in France the basis for a more effective and expansible supply of internal credit. But can it be inflation at all simply to use the available gold to a greater extent, while leaving the gold value and convertibility of the currency exactly as they were? Apparently the retiring Governor of the Bank of France thought that it could; or why should he have retired in preference to implementing M. Flandin's policy?

Enough has, we hope, been said to show that the word "inflation" is one that, in these days of world crisis, has been very freely bandied about without any clear or definite agreement about its meaning. Perhaps no one would quite contend that any addition at all to the supply of money, under any circumstances, is bound to be inflationary; but there are at one extreme some of the unco' orthodox who seem to approach very nearly to that contention. At the other extreme are those who deny that any real question of inflation can arise until all the available productive resources are already in full use, so that any further addition to the supply of money can only raise prices, and not cause any additional goods or services to be forthcoming. Between these two extremes there are a dozen views possible; but it is usually more than difficult to discover what precise view any particular opponent of "inflation" holds.

But, if it is far from plain wherein "inflation" consists, perhaps we can get a clearer notion of its opposite—"deflation." "Deflation," says M. Flandin, "is at an end"; and in this country it is often said that the policy of the Bank of England was steadily deflationary up to 1931, and then ceased to be deflationary when we abandoned the gold standard. Deflation, as it has been practised in both France and Great Britain, seems to mean restricting the supply of credit in such a way as to lower internal costs and prices, with the object of bringing them into harmony with costs and prices in the rest of the world. The Bank of England was deflationary up to 1931, because it was trying to bring down British costs to a level consistent with the restored gold value of the pound sterling. The Bank of France has been steadily deflationary up to the present time, because it has been trying to cut French costs to a level compatible with the existing gold value of the franc, in relation to the gold value of pounds, dollars and other currencies important for French foreign trade. The idea behind deflation is that internal costs are bound, at any rate in the long run, to respond to measures of credit restriction, and that economic health can be restored only by making them respond to such effect as to bring them into line with the existing gold parities.

Deflation is therefore a policy that it is relatively easy to understand—though by no means equally easy to carry through to a successful issue. For costs are "sticky," and some of them do not respond readily to even the most drastic measures of credit restriction. But inflation is quite another matter; and of inflation there is no generally accepted criterion. Everyone will agree that President Roosevelt has "depreciated" the American dollar and tried to expand the internal monetary circulation. But on the question whether he has inflated there will be the utmost variety of opinions. So will there be about what Dr. Schacht and Signor Mussolini have been doing, or again, about what M. Flandin is apparently proposing to do.

On one point there will be agreement. Inflation involves an increase in the quantity of money in circulation. It involves, moreover, a change in the relation between money and goods. No one, we suppose, would regard as inflationary an increased

supply of money which allowed an increased supply of goods to be exchanged at exactly the same price-levels as would have existed if the supply of money had remained unchanged. But, of course, the stronger deflationists would vigorously deny the possibility of any such relationship between money and goods.

The root question is whether, at a time when productive resources are lying unused, an increase in the supply of money can bring these resources back into operation without sowing the seeds of future crisis. In a country working on the gold standard, as France is to-day, the question is whether a more liberal credit policy is capable of increasing production and employment without so raising internal costs and prices as to enforce the depreciation of the franc. In a country off gold, like Great Britain, the question is whether an increased supply of money can yield higher industrial activity without causing an equivalent further depreciation in the external value of sterling. In the United States, where the external value of the dollar seems to most people relatively unimportant, the question is rather whether the manufacture of additional money will give more than a temporary stimulus to increased production, and whether it may not create conditions that will lead to the need for more and yet more money to be issued if an enhanced level of output is to be maintained. All these are in the last resort questions of the effect on real costs of production, in terms of the real expenditure of labour and capital goods, of stimulating economic activity by means of an expansion of the supply of money.

If the increase in money caused a precisely equivalent rise in internal prices and a precisely equivalent fall in the external value of the currency it seems clear that nothing would be gained—except a transference of income from creditors to debtors. But, with productive resources lying unused, this is a most unlikely result; for it implies that the additional credit cannot have stimulated production at all. Far more probably, the result will be some rise in prices, unevenly spread over different goods, but also some increase in production, the rise in prices and the fall in external currency value being definitely a good deal less than the increase in monetary supply. This, of course, assumes that more money is not merely made available, but actually taken up—which our own experience, and still more that of America, show to be by no means a foregone conclusion in the absence of a vigorous policy of Government spending on public works or relief. If, however, the additional money does get into effective use, there is real gain, as long as it enables more goods and services to be produced and sold.

An expansionist policy of this sort is relatively easy when a country has unpegged its currency from any fixed international value, and when the Government is prepared to follow an active policy of public spending. It has, therefore, the best chance in the United States, where both these conditions appear to be satisfied. In this country one of the two conditions is satisfied, but not the other; and for lack of the second the more liberal credit policy of the Bank of England since 1931 has produced only a modified effect. But in France neither condition appears to be satisfied; for M. Flandin proposes both to stick to the present gold parity of the franc and to pursue a policy of rigid budgetary economy. Can he, in these circumstances, get more money into active circulation even if he makes it available? Hardly, unless his budgetary economy is meant to be a sham, so that the balancing of the ordinary budget at a low level is, in fact, more than offset by extraordinary loan expenditures out of other funds, such as M. Marquet's much-advertised public works schemes involved. For apart from this, who is to take up the additional credits?

If, however, M. Flandin is prepared to spend freely, although he may for political reasons choose to camouflage his expenditure, there is no reason why he should not bring about at least some expansion in French economic activity without being driven to lower the gold value of the franc. Nor is there any reason why more active Government spending in Great Britain should not be used to speed up economic revival without causing any further fall in the external value of the pound. But these results cannot be secured in the existing situation merely by increasing the available resources of the banks, which have already more money in hand than they can effectively employ under the prevailing conditions.

In fact, the lesson of recent years is that inflation, in the sense in which it means an increase in the supply of money not balanced by an increase in the output of goods and services, is in time of depression not a menace to be constantly afraid of, but quite a difficult thing to bring about. Short of making absolute presents of purchasing power to consumers, it is not easy to get additional money into circulation, unless the Government itself is prepared to take it up, and use it for public expenditure. Failing this, M. Flandin's proposed measures are far less likely to cause "inflation" than to produce no appreciable result of any kind. Failing this, President Roosevelt is likely only to add to the unusable resources of the Federal Reserve Banks. Failing this, the rate of recovery in Great Britain is likely to slacken off, however liberal the credit policy of the Bank of England may in theory be. For, in conclusion, whatever inflation may be or involve, it certainly is and involves much more than a mere increase in the available credit resources of the banks. It involves also that some credit-worthy borrower must be ready to spend the additional resources which the banks are in a position to advance. But, until revival is actually in being, what fresh credit-worthy borrowers are likely to come forward—unless the Government itself steps into the breach with an active policy of public expenditure?

A LONDON DIARY

WHEN I read that the great British public is shocked by a broad joke and that the B.B.C. has apologised, I find myself wondering just who has been shocked, whether being shocked is not perhaps a pleasurable sensation, and what proportion of the public really saw any need for an apology. There is, of course, a small minority which is, so to speak, professionally shocked. The Lord's Day Observance Society, for instance, was shocked that Mr. Bernard Shaw and Miss Madeleine Carroll should have debated the question of sex treatment in films "during the hallowed hours of the Christian Sabbath." Such questions, it felt, should not be broadcast on any day; but "to do it on a Sunday is wholly indefensible." This protest seems to embody a type of Sabbatarianism which has fortunately gone out of fashion and which Christ himself particularly attacked. Similarly I do not think the more intelligent type of Puritan would support the protest of the dentist of Boston, U.S.A., who has created quite a small sensation by attacking *The Mikado* as "filthy, lewd and obscene and an insidious attack on organised government." And, according to the *Evening News*, he adds:

> I claim, too, that *The Mikado* is objectionable because Nanki-Poo agrees to take another character's place on the chopping-block provided he can enjoy the company of Yum-Yum, the Lord High Executioner's fiancée, for one month before he dies. This is an outrage to public morals.

* * *

I take it that people like this dentist and like the Secretary of the Lord's Day Observance Society enjoy being shocked, and that the B.B.C. must continue to shock them. What is not so clear is how far the ordinary listener-in dislikes a broad joke. A few days ago I sat in a music-hall and listened to turn after turn in which the jokes were of a breadth that left nothing to the imagination. The humour was, in short, of that coarse texture which is traditional in the music hall and essentially unchanged since the time of Shakespeare. And I was surrounded by healthy, happy representatives of the bourgeoisie; husbands and wives, in some cases family parties, rocked with laughter at jokes which far outdid the mild indiscretions of Messrs. Clapham and Dwyer. Is the conclusion then that the B.B.C. need not have apologised—that none of this quite representative middle-class and there-

fore traditionally shockable music hall audience would have been shocked at similar jokes on the wireless? No, that would be a false inference. The conclusion is that the spoken word on the wireless goes into the home, and that parents who enjoy a holiday from propriety for themselves and perhaps even for their adolescent children on a night out will not tolerate it for themselves or their youngsters by the fireside. In fact, they go to the music hall in an unshockable mood, just as they turn on the wireless in a shockable mood. They like bawdiness when they pay for it: they do not like it thrust on them. In fine, I conclude that the B.B.C. should (a) treat serious themes seriously, and not modify their treatment because honesty shocks the professional shockables; and (b) that it is right in apologising to the public for giving it a feeble and vulgar joke it had not paid for.

* * *

Once again I am impressed with the peculiar quality which has placed the *Manchester Guardian* in a category by itself among daily newspapers. Several papers, including most notably the *Times*, published admirably full and objective reports from the Saar while it was still hot news, and several of them frankly reported the increase in Nazi terrorism and the relaxation in League control which were the most noticeable feature of the last five days before the poll. But once the decision was made and the sensation over, most of the papers have allowed the Saar to fall into the background. The *Manchester Guardian* is, I think, alone in really sticking to the job. Its special correspondent has not confined himself to the spectacular story of the murder of Herr Meyer, into which the League Commission is inquiring, but he has been systematically investigating the working of the terror, giving detailed reports of the bullying and dismissal of *status quo* workmen, of the hounding out of innocent villagers, of the mock gibbets under the windows of minority voters and of the whole vile business of terrorism by threats which no one doubts will be made good when the League formally surrenders control on March 1st. Actually it is clear that for most purposes the Nazis are already in charge and the League Commission helpless. As I discovered for myself when I was in the Saar, the local Nazis are the least pleasant types: in many cases the leaders were themselves "separatists" in 1919, men who are naturally anxious to atone for a shady past by a show of patriotic sadism towards those whom they call traitors and separatists now.

* * *

A correspondent who has been much in the Saar and watched the first stream of refugees crossing the frontier sends me a vivid account of the arrival of the Catholic leader, the great, fat Hoffman and his four young children, and of the Commissioner's *chef de Cabinet*, M. Heimburger, whose safety the Nazis (already thoroughly in the saddle) announced that they would no longer answer for. No police could be found to protect League officials round whose houses jubilant Nazis chanted their battle-songs. Then came Max Braun, "looking ten years older in a night." He had come to make arrangements for some refugees and went to Geneva to do what he could for the protection of the Minority. He was then determined to return to the Saar, but my correspondent tells me that there is now a chance that he may be persuaded that it would be useless folly. Whatever decision he makes will, I know, be disinterested. I know no one even among his opponents who doubts his courage—which makes some remarks in the *Daily Worker* for January 17th the more disgraceful. It is the old story. There has been a genuine and honourable united front in the Saar. But the moment the plebiscite is over, the *Daily Worker* must needs turn and spit at Max Braun, suggesting that he is running away to Geneva while Fritz Pfordt, the Communist leader, remains to carry on the work in the Saar. Presumably we are now to be treated to the usual stuff about the Social Democrats seeking their own safety and betraying the workers. No one who knows Max Braun will believe this stuff, and the Communists do not believe it themselves. But they always hate a working-class leader who is not a Communist and it seems as if they must, from habit if not from conviction, destroy the united movement they have themselves striven to build up.

* * *

Y. Y. once wrote an article in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION about not smoking. He described a picture he had of himself as a lonely and heroic figure sitting some time in the future on a mountain top not smoking. My "persona" is a pipe-smoker, not a non-smoker. But I have found this ideal almost as difficult as not smoking at all. Somehow or other cigarettes slipped in between pipes, until recently I was continually smoking one or the other. Last Tuesday I had a gust of impatience, and decided, quite unreasonably, that I hated the taste of tobacco and did not want to smoke any more. It is this *not wanting* to smoke that makes the occasion memorable. I have tried to leave off smoking before for reasons of health or economy and have found the effort and the bad temper and the restlessness when I ought to be working too high a price to pay; but this time I just decided that I didn't *like* smoking, with the result that I haven't smoked since and have refused offers of cigarettes, tobacco and even cigars with a lofty ease which has made me an object of astonishment and envy to all who know me. I am wondering how far this process of auto-suggestion can be extended, and how long its effects last. Do they, for instance, last long enough to cure one permanently of the smoking habit? I shall know in a week or two. If I become a smoker again—even if only a pipe-smoker—I will honourably confess my relapse.

* * *

We all like to know how the great live and enjoy a pleasing sense of our common humanity when we find that their tastes are simple and that they too really enjoy a bit of good clean fun. Perhaps it was for this reason (perhaps for some other reason—one never knows) that I find so much pleasure in this quotation (from the *Daily Telegraph*), describing the habits of Babe Ruth, the American baseball king.

> America's idol weighs sixteen stone, and has been playing baseball for twenty-one years. In his forty-first year he still retains a schoolboy sense of humour. Nothing delights him more than to go into the changing rooms of visiting teams and nail their shoes to the floor.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. K. M. Guy.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

After the result of the Saar plebiscite nobody can doubt the high patriotism of the German people. Let us remember that a plebiscite in this country on the Irish, Egyptian, South African, Ceylon, or Indian issues would confirm the patriotism of the English electorate and would have prevented the fissiparity of the Empire. Quite a cursory investigation would reveal that any plebiscite in the matter of the White Paper would result in an overwhelming vote in favour of the retention of British control in India. It is difficult to find a single elector who stands for anything else.—Letter in *Daily Mail*.

Children arriving at elementary schools in luxurious chauffeur-driven cars are quite a usual sight these days in North London. —*Sunday Dispatch*.

Daily dinners for dogs, compounded scientifically with the correct amount of vitamins and varied in their ingredients, are now being sent out to the dog inhabitants of Mayfair at their homes in green dishes with tight-fitting lids by Lady Herbert Scott from her dog parlour in Dorset-street.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Giving personal reasons for her adherence to the Conservative party Lady Maureen said it was essentially a broad-minded party, and in it could be found those who might be described as Socialists, Liberals, Fascists, Communists, and almost anything. Almost the only two things the Conservative party demanded of its followers was to be loyal to the King and loyal to the country and the Constitution.—Lady Maureen Stanley, reported in *Manchester Guardian Weekly*.

For an English woman to marry a foreigner is an insult to her race. When will a law be passed to terminate this growing practice? —Letter in the *Star*.

I read with amazement the letter of Mrs. Hilda Beale. If the working classes do not provide the country with a stock of miners, scavengers, 'bus drivers, sewermen, fishermen, dock labourers, etc., who is to do it?—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*.

Coffin Furniture. Representative, with live connection, is open to represent competitive firm.—The *Birmingham Post*.

Prince Paul is known to be a firm friend of Great Britain. He prefers British engines for his son's nursery.—*Weekly Illustrated*.

Amongst knowledgeable men last season's bowler is coldly received and slightly shuddered at.—Advt. in *Punch*.

You have to protect yourselves, not for the purpose of limiting international trade, but for helping certain industries in this country to hold their roots, but not to enable them to fold their arms and become parasitical upon the general industry of the nation.—The Prime Minister reported in *Manchester Guardian*.

Society goes on and on and on. It is the same with ideas.—The Prime Minister reported in *Daily Mail*.

"They meet the dukes and duchesses in London," he [Mr. Randolph Churchill] said, "and forget their native interest in Lancashire. If you will elect me I will fight with a total disregard of any swell or nobs." It is announced that the Duke of Westminster is to take the chair at one of Mr. Churchill's meetings.—*Daily Express*.

GORGONZOLA

IT has been discovered that seventy tons of Gorgonzola cheese have somehow or other recently crossed from Italy into France without paying the usual duties at the frontier. The French are now inquiring into the methods which enabled this invasion to take place. The *Times*, ever sensitive to delicate situations abroad, has devoted a lively leader to the subject. As I read the amusing jests of the *Times* leader-writer, I could not help wondering how it comes that this particular Italian cheese has gathered so rich a tradition of humour about it. It is all the odder because few people laugh at Gorgonzola cheese when it is before them; most people laugh at it only in its absence, laughing, as it were, at a symbol. Even the most hilarious housewife can go into a grocer's shop and order half a pound of Gorgonzola with an unmoved countenance. She does not find herself and the shop-assistant engaged in a duet of hysterical laughter as she gives the order. The whole thing passes as quietly as if she were asking for American Cheddar.

Similarly, if you are lunching in a City restaurant and the waiter recommends "a nice bit of Gorgonzola," you do not at once take him for a wag and begin to exchange jests with him about perambulating cheeses. I must have eaten Gorgonzola hundreds of times, and never yet had I to check a smile as it arrived at the table. I would as soon have thought of laughing at a roll and butter. In dining-cars on trains, again, I have seen Gorgonzola carried the entire length of the car and offered to every passenger without the faintest squeak of laughter even from a schoolboy. Let any of these passengers go to a pantomime, however, and the most ordinary reference to Gorgonzola will appeal to them as a ripe jest. At least, it was so in my boyhood. I cannot remember most of the jests, but I know that I laughed at Gorgonzola long before I tasted it. There was a song which began—I have forgotten all but the first two lines—

> On the night we let the Gorgonzola loose,
> There was lots of trouble all aboot the hoose.

That seemed very funny. The song, if I remember right, suggested a sort of radio-activity of pestiferous odoriferousness —an overwhelming smell that had acquired an animal existence. Was it the blue-mould in the cheese or the perversion of fragrance that amused us so? It is difficult to say. I think the notion of cheese-mites must have had something to do with it, but I suspect that there is some defensive element in the human mind that instinctively tries to beautify even things unpleasant to the sense of smell by converting them into themes for jesting. In the old days in Dublin, people passing over the Liffey at certain states of the tide were aware of a most masterful odour strangely unlike that produced by the sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets. In the course of time, they made a joke of it, feeling that, as they had to bear it, they might as well grin.

Perhaps, however, the enjoyment of unfragrance cannot all be attributed to the instinct of self-defence. There may be something gross in the human composition that positively enjoys the idea of things that are offensive to a fastidious nose. Why else does the schoolboy put india-rubber on the stove, holding up the work of the class with his experiment in humour? Why else does—or did—the medical student fling asafoetida on to the stage of the theatre, routing the comedian and the chorus-girls? Why has humanity for generations laughed more loudly at the thought of a Parliamentary candidate's being pelted with rotten eggs than at the thought of his being pelted with fresh eggs?

At the same time, there are many smells that are generally disliked and yet are seldom thought funny. If unpleasant smells were funny in themselves, surely the smell of a cauliflower being boiled by an inexpert cook would have been a popular theme for laughter. Take, again, that oil of eucalyptus which was once in so great demand as a medicine against influenza. I never knew anybody who did not, more or less, dislike the smell of eucalyptus, but I do not think I have ever known anybody who thought it funny. If you sit in a railway carriage with a handkerchief drenched with eucalyptus in your pocket, your fellow-passengers will be moved, not to wit, but to hatred. The very music-hall comedians have been unable to think of a good joke about eucalyptus. The smell of onions or garlic they can mitigate with laughter, but the smell of eucalyptus, like that of whisky or tobacco, has no compensating delight for those who loathe it. Gorgonzola, for some mysterious reason, is more fortunate. It has acquired an atmosphere of humour even for those who detest it. Perhaps the splendour of its name has something to do with it.

There is no simple explanation, however, of the choice human beings make of subjects to laugh at, and to laugh at perpetually. Why, for example, did the Victorians go on laughing year after year at jokes about twins and mothers-in-law? I am not scholar enough to know how far back in the history of humour the joke about twins can be traced, but I seem to have read somewhere that in the early days of the world twins were regarded as sacred. At some unknown date, however, it apparently struck somebody that they were funny, and they have remained funny, almost to the present day. In an era of too large families, it may be, men burdened by a superfluity of children were able to resign themselves more easily to any fresh addition to their family by greeting it in a spirit of jocularity. Dickens himself was not above making fun of the arrival of these charming encumbrances. Twins, it may be inferred, were doubly funny, partly because they always came as a surprise, and partly because they were an exaggeration of what was already often regarded as a calamity. It is now a good many years since I heard a joke about twins. I wonder whether the joke still survives in these days of small families.

As for the mother-in-law joke, I fancy it is dying. It must have been the invention of an exceptionally henpecked generation, and men are no longer henpecked by their mothers-in-law. Mothers-in-law are nowadays much too busy attending cocktail parties and cabaret-shows to have time to devote to such old-time domestic pleasures.

There is one subject for jesting, however, that I imagine

will go on for ever. I was reminded of it the other day by a letter in the *Daily Telegraph* in which a correspondent quoted an epigram from the *Greek Anthology* about an extraordinary nose. It ran something like this—I quote from memory—"Proclus's nose is so long that he cannot blow it because his arm is shorter than his nose, and he cannot give thanks after sneezing because the end of his nose is so far away that he cannot hear it." The nose joke is surely one of the oldest in the world. There are those who are not susceptible to its varied delights, but the ordinary human being, whether intellectual or basebrowed, has always been easily stirred to laughter by nasal eccentricities.

In the East, they tell a story of a man whose nose was so big that, when his friends met him, they used to ask: "How are you both?" And in the West, it has been the pampered child of the features among comedians, from Shakespeare and Sterne downwards. Many a man has appeared on the music-hall stage with no other adjunct of humour but a red nose. Let the most humorless man present at a children's party assume a false nose and he will pass for a Grimaldi.

There is no other part of the face or head that it is so difficult to take seriously. Poets can work themselves into raptures over the eyes, the lips, the cheeks, the hair, the chin, the neck and the ears of their mistresses, but inspiration seems to slow down when they come to the nose. The writer of the *Song of Solomon* certainly made a poor hand of a description of a nose. If you sat down to compile an *Anthology of Eyes* and an *Anthology of Noses*, I am sure you would find that, while beauty and poetry predominated in the *Anthology of Eyes*, the *Anthology of Noses* would be mainly comic. If the associations of the nose were not for the most part comic, we should find more references to noses in the sentimental song-writers. In the sentimental songs, however, it is all eyes and the nose nowhere. I have seen an audience of hardened sinners gulping down their sobs as they listened to *Baby's Eyes are Irish* being sung. But who has ever thought of trying to wring men's hearts with a waltz-time chorus beginning: "Baby's Nose is Norman"? Similarly, languorous love expresses itself fitly in such phrases as "two eyes of blue"; but, if you sing of "one powdered nose" love will immediately fly out of the window.

Psychologists may attempt an explanation of this, but their explanation will be wrong. There is no explanation except that human beings have made up their minds that noses, like Gorgonzola, are somehow funny. And so, I fancy, they are.

Y. Y.

THE CASE OF A SEA SLUG

SEA slugs are brighter coloured and more fantastic in form than those that live upon land. They are to be found in shallow pools when the tide is low, and there are several species which frequent our English sea-board. Many of these have brilliantly coloured papillae or appendages growing from their backs, and in these are found groups of curiously formed stinging-cells, which are believed to function as defensive weapons, and which protect the slugs from the attacks of fishes. It is presumed that the fish snaps at the bright coloured appendages rather than at the more sober-hued vital portion of the mollusc, and that he receives in his mouth a discharge of nettle-cells, which will send him away discomfited and prevent further attack. This is true of only some fish, as there are species, such as the cod, which will devour sea slugs with impunity.

The nettle-cells, or nematocysts, as they are called, have a curious history, and one which might well provoke questions in the mind of any evolutionist who would maintain that the characteristics of living creatures are the results of environmental stimulus or of fortuitous mutations.

When nematocysts were first discovered to be present in the papillae of sea slugs, they at once excited the interest of scientists, for they suggested a definite and close affinity between the Mollusca and a more simple group of organisms, the Coelenterata, which include the sea anemones and jelly-fish. It was previously believed that only coelenterates were provided with nematocysts.

The nematocyst is an explosive cell, which in its discharged condition is usually of a long whip-like shape; in its undischarged condition it is folded within itself, and at the least touch the turgor produced by the tension of the cell-wall will cause the infolded nettle-fish to fly out and sting any foreign body which is in the near neighbourhood. Many sea anemones and jelly-fish are provided with these protective cells. Most people have at one time or another been stung by a jelly-fish, and though the nettle-cells in sea-anemones are not so poisonous, their thousand-fold tiny barbs are to be felt by any one who puts his finger in among the open tentacles of any of our sea-shore polyps. The barbs seem to cling to the skin and hold it. These nettle-cells are believed to be both protective and offensive. They would be, one would suppose, a protection against the attacks of sea-slugs which feed upon the otherwise unprotected sea anemones; they also have an offensive function when helping to entangle or poison the prey of the polyps.

The facts of the relation between the coelenterates and the sea-slugs and the part that the stinging cells play in these almost miraculous happenings have been carefully worked out by marine biologists. It has been found that the nematocysts which lie in an unexploded condition in the papillae of the sea-slugs, and which are used by them as defensive mechanism against their enemies, have their origin in the coelenterates on which the slugs feed.

Although this much is known, much still remains obscure. How is it that the nematocyst, which explodes at the least touch, is *not* exploded by the sea-slug in the process of being devoured? How is it that the harsh, saw-like radula of the slug, with which it *tears* its food, does not break the sensitive capsule of the nettle-cell? It has been suggested that the slug in eating exudes mucus which prevents the discharge of the nematocysts; but is this sufficient explanation? Why are not the defensive cells discharged on the *approach* of the slug? They are discharged in *some* cases, but not in *all*. Why not? And how is it that the slug is immune from the poison? Mr. O. C. Glaser writes: "It is truly remarkable that these apparently helpless creatures (the sea-slugs) should have selected such a dangerous prey, but since they have, it must be because the danger does not apply to them. Why it does not, I do not know, but it may well be that for the same reason the nematocyst does not discharge while being eaten." Those reasons, whatever they are, remain obscure.

The next mystery is: how is it that the unexploded, and only the unexploded, nematocysts are gathered together from out of the stomach of the slug into narrow ciliated channels, and are swept by the working of the cilia, extremely minute hair-like filaments, up into the tiny pouches which lie near the periphery of the brightly coloured appendages, and how is it that they are there neatly arranged the right way up, in such a manner that they can be discharged against any intruder which threatens the peace of the sea-slug? How is such a complicated and highly specialised sequence of events to be accounted for?

But is this really true? the reader will ask. Are you sure of the facts? Surely it is only reasoning, reasonable men who can steal the offensive weapon of weaker creatures to use for their own purposes. The facts have been most laboriously investigated. G. H. Grosvenor has proved that the nematocysts found in sea-slugs and coelenterates are identical in plan and construction and in mode of discharge, and that nematocysts of several distinct types occur in both groups; also that a single type of nematocyst does not occur uniformly throughout any one species of sea-slug, but that different individuals of the same species may have quite different nematocysts according to the food. He has also proved that a single individual sea-slug may have within the pouches on the dorsal appendages, nematocysts of several different types, found in distinct groups of coelenterates . . . and also that when it is known on what coelenterates a sea-slug has been feeding

then *we may count on* the nematocysts in the two being identical. Also he has proved that sea-slugs which feed on animals that have no nematocysts, have themselves no nematocysts. He has also demonstrated the ciliated canals which pass from the diverticula in the stomach to the pouches on the dorsal appendages, and he has conclusively proved that the nematocysts in any particular sea-slug can be changed after a change of diet.

The facts are established, but the question of how this truly remarkable state of affairs has come about no one has answered, nor has any theorist tried to explain how any such unique combination of characteristics *comes to be evolved*. When I was a student, Adam Sedgwick was professor of Zoology at Cambridge. On one occasion I remember, when I was turning over the pages of a zoological textbook, he paused and stood behind me when I chanced to have turned up a picture of Archaeopterix, the winged and feathered reptile of the Triassic period. "Precipitated!" he said with a characteristic sniff. I was then in my second year and a convinced Evolutionist. I turned to him with what might well have been an inquiring and discomforted look. "Precipitated," he repeated. "We don't say created in our days, it's not the fashion." It would need perhaps as wise a man to make the same comment after investigating the case of the sea-slug.

E. L. GRANT WATSON

ODIN ÜBER DEUTSCHLAND

"At a 'German faith' wedding in Silesia an extract from the 'Adda,' the collection of Nordic legends, was read, and 'Odin's Oak' was sung, but the couple were married again in the parish church."

ODIN, from Asgard come,
Roused by the Nordic hum,
Visited Nazidom.

There the puffed Dragon-brood,
Berserk with rage renewed,
Hailed neo-Viking-hood.

Hawks that on sparrows preyed,
Giants of dwarfs afraid,
Braves with a butcher's blade.

All-father Odin laughed:
"Men through no lying craft
Taste my immortal draught.

"Jackal in lion's hide
Never with me shall bide
Nor with my heroes ride.

"Souls with no coward strain,
Souls in fair combat slain,
Deathless Valhalla gain.

"These, that my honour blot,
These when they die and rot
Christ may take—I will not!"

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

COMPLETE IMPARTIALITY

SIR,—The illuminating extracts from school history text-books quoted in your admirable article could be paralleled and supplemented from books more widely used than those you cite, and they sufficiently dispel Mr. Jenkyn Thomas' illusion that such books are—or can be—free from any suspicion of bias.

History teachers have only become aware of this problem since the war, when the well-justified and—on the part of the children—vociferous demand for present day history arose. Before then the school "period" usually ended at the accession of Victoria. But the problem has always been there, and exists even when books are free from the expression of such naive opinions as those you quote. Those who ask us for "facts not opinions" do not solve the problem. School books can comprise only a very few out of the vast range of available facts, and the selection made will be determined by what the writer considers it important that everyone should know, i.e., by his social philosophy. A few years ago I read a popular primary school book which gave Queen Mary's eight (?) Christian names, and dismissed the Russian revolution in the same number of words. Presumably these facts were judged of equal weight.

The only solution to the problem lies in a frank recognition that bias must exist, and that children must be provided with material from different pints of view. Usually the young reflect the bias of their homes; at school they should learn what other views exist. The essential thing is that e.g., Socialists learn what Conservatives or Liberals (not Socialists) think about the British Empire or Parliamentary Democracy, and Tories and Liberals what Socialists (not Tories or Liberals) think about Soviet Russia, that all may be aware that there are conflicting interpretations of history. The trouble about the existing situation is that whilst there are many books giving a conservative-imperialist or liberal-democratic selection of the facts, and even some now presenting a League of Nations-pacific point of view, there are none which offer the interpretation which seems true to those who criticise the existing order, whether from the standpoint of Socialist, Communist, Irish Free Stater, or coloured subject of the British Commonwealth. Those teachers (in State Schools) who consider it their duty to make good these omissions are sometimes unjustly accused of propaganda, when they are actually trying to "compensate the bias." They are in fact attempting an impossible task so long as Education Authorities authorise the study of history from a single text-book. The solution of the problem demands a "library method," and the provision of a variety of texts, including some which do not as yet exist.

Wise teachers, however strong their own bias, know that propaganda generally defeats its own end. We are all acquainted with the bitter partisans who have reacted against the opinions in which they were bred. If we treat children with the respect they deserve we provide them with the material for subsequent formation of judgment, and not with judgments ready-made.

King Alfred School, V. A. HYETT
N.W.11.

SIR,—What conclusion do you intend us to draw from your article on "Complete Impartiality?" Do you want text-books of contemporary political history to be written by persons who have no point of view or *per impossibile* conceal it? The object should be, I suggest, that the young should be made aware of the existence of *two* points of view and of the warmth and quality of feeling attaching to each; and it is unavoidable that warm-hearted authors should see some facts through coloured spectacles. There was an excellent little book in my youth called *Pros and Cons*, which was the perquisite of the openers in a school debate. It reached, and perhaps excelled, the impartiality of an armament manufacturer. Its point was, of course, that one never sought its aid, given so impartially to oneself and one's opponent, until *after* sides had been chosen. But I should have been sorry if all the intellectual food of my education had been prepared on this model.

I hope, therefore, that Professor Tawney's committee will not expunge from their list the attractively written little books from which you quote—so like what you yourself were brought up on, which made your outlook what it is—but will add others to them of a different colour, even though (which is probable) they are less attractively written.

The liberty not to be impartial is one of the few liberties still left to us, and you must not try to take it away.

J. M. KEYNES

King's College, Cambridge.

[We confined ourselves last week to the one job of showing the absurdity of the assertion that there is no bias in any history book on the L.C.C. list. We agree that absence of bias is an impossibility, and that truth comes from the clash of biases. We should be sorry if THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION were the only paper anyone ever read or if Mr. Keynes were the only economist allowed to write. Certainly the right kind of history teaching can be done with biased books; a good teacher will see to it, whatever the text-book, that the children

become aware that questions are not merely two-sided, but rather irregular polygons with elastic sides. Unfortunately, not all teachers are good teachers and we are not aware that books with an equally strong bias on the other side are also in use in L.C.C. schools. The use of books such as we quoted from last week is not justifiable, unless counteracted by a good teacher or equally biased books on the other side. So the proposed inquiry seems very desirable.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE SPANISH RISING

SIR,—Those of your correspondents who have taken up the cause of revolution in Spain are not only inaccurate; they omit essential facts and misrepresent the truth. Miss Manning does not produce a shred of evidence from the "mass of information" which she has "collected" in Spain. We have her own admission at a recent meeting that she did not visit any prison in Asturias, as she seemed too imply in a recent letter to you, but only those in Madrid, where she must have been hard put to obtain "information" on events which occurred a few hundred miles away, and which could not have been witnessed by her informants. But she does tell us that "more than 40,000 political prisoners crowd the jails of Spain." "Political" prisoners? During the revolution, peaceful citizens were murdered by the rebels, shops and houses were burnt and looted, banks were robbed of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and universities, schools, libraries and art treasures were blown up and destroyed. Are these "political" offences? English and Spanish penal law considers them in another light; and Spanish and English constitutional law defines as treason an offence of which the revolutionaries were all guilty. Until 1870, the penalty in England for treason was drawing and quartering; now it is merely hanging. In Spain we take a more lenient view; hence the overcrowding of our jails. But not with "political" prisoners.

The circumstance that Señor Gordón Ordás is *not*, as Miss Manning asserts, "a member of Lerroux's own party," but a bitter opponent of his, together with the fact that his list of atrocities is unsupported by any evidence save his own, deprives it of much of the weight which it carried in that lady's eyes. I deny flatly that "7,000 have died in an epic struggle to gain not only economic freedom, but spiritual and intellectual liberty." The total number of those killed in the revolution, on both sides, is nothing like that figure, nor did anybody die to gain any liberties. If Miss Manning turns to Hansard's Spanish equivalent, or to the Socialist papers published in Spain for some time back, she will discover the true objectives of the movement, which were to seize power and overthrow a Government which faithfully reflected the composition of the Chamber. Any talk about "liberties" is moonshine.

Mr. Norman Lewis starts by saying: "During the period when the issue of the recent Spanish revolution was still uncertain, only the reactionary clerical and monarchist papers were allowed to appear." If he means by this that the Government suppressed all other papers, the statement is a lie. It was the Socialists who, by declaring a general strike, muzzled the papers of the Left; their order was disregarded by the men who printed other papers, and who are heartily sick of Socialist tyranny. In any case, the point at issue is not what the papers said during or after the revolution, but the revolution itself. If Mr. Lewis must wander from the point, he might at least stick to the truth. Instead of this, he misrepresents and mutilates his quotations, refers to signed contributions as if they were leading articles, and makes no mention whatever of an editorial policy which insisted on the law being observed, and nothing else, and can only be considered as moderate after a civil war in which a rebellious and criminal minority was guilty of murder, arson and plunder, and came near to ending the very existence of Spain as a nation. The rest of his letter is such a mass of inaccuracies, irrelevancies or falsehoods that I can only treat it with contempt, the same feeling which I have for foreign busybodies who meddle with, and distort, the internal affairs of another nation in a manner that I can only describe as remarkably un-Spanish.

LUIS A. BOLIN

London, S.W.7.

[This letter appears to mark the point at which a controversy ceases to depend on facts or arguments and becomes—on one side at least—a shouting match. We have shown Señor Bolin's accusations to Mr. Norman Lewis in the hope that, with his reply the correspondence may cease. Mr. Lewis replies: "Señor Bolin evades the main issues raised in my letter. That was to be expected. The papers of the Left were suppressed by the simple device of censoring anything that appeared in print other than reactionary nonsense. This was produced by Fascists, not by workers. It was sold, too, by Fascists whenever a sufficient force of police or soldiers could be spared to protect them. The quotation from the A.B.C. of the 16th October was taken from the article which occupied pride of position on the first page of that paper. At the risk of producing acute nausea in the reader, I could, if space permitted, quote until further notice leading articles of a similar tone.

I feel sorry for Señor Bolin, who, obviously under the eye of his party, is doing his best to defend a quite hopeless position. If the best he can do in the circumstances is to shout: Liar! I suggest that a dignified silence would have been more appropriate. As it happened I was careful to make no statements in my letter that I could not substantiate if called upon to do so.

Finally (shades of Ferdinand and Isabella!), is the spokesman and apologist of those who after 400 years brought the Moors back to Spain, a fit person to talk of 'Spanish,' or 'Un-Spanish' conduct?"—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

ABORTION

SIR,—Although the admirable letter from Dr. Joan Malleson in your last issue was sufficiently convincing to correct the wrong impression that abortion is one of the most dangerous operations in surgery, support for her statement is contained in the following quotation from a speech delivered a short time ago to the Medical Society of London by Lord Horder:

> The anomaly that allows the well-to-do to get rid of the unwanted child before it is born, *without danger to life* and reputation, yet denies such relief to the poor, is a stigma to which society is at last awakening.

It is good news to learn that a society is to be formed to press for an alteration in the law to end this anomaly. Private investigation seems to prove that the majority of the medical profession are convinced of the immediate necessity of such alteration, and as they only are in full possession of the terrible facts, let them take the lead. There will be immediate response.

57 Park View Road, Ealing, W.5.

ALICE JENKINS

SIR,—Dr. Joan Malleson knows, I think, my general views on abortion. Therefore, I will deal only with her suggestion that my quotations from *Sex Ethics*—"by four distinguished surgeons"—do not quite accurately represent the views of the authors. I have re-read the whole section of *Sex Ethics* which deals with abortion; and I still think that the words, which I cited *verbatim*, correctly summarise the considered views of the writers of the book. Dr. Malleson's alternative statistics are of Russian origin; possibly none the less reliable on that account; but I will quote one more passage from *Sex Ethics* which suggests that these English gynaecologists do not share the optimism of their Russian *confrères*:

> The more remote ill-effects of abortion, they write, even when carried out under the strictest conditions of surgical asepsis and antisepsis, are generally those due to chronic pelvic infection, leading to subinvolution, endometritis, cervicitis and salpingo-oophoritis. These may necessitate a subsequent curettage, amputation of the cervix, or hysterectomy, with or without removal of the appendages. It has been the experience of one of the authors to treat a number of women from a country where abortion is legally recognised, and where it is practised on a large scale. In some instances, no less than ten abortions have been induced by recognised gynaecologists on the same patient, within a period of less than three years.

Dr. Malleson refers to "the risks of abortion compared with the evils which it seeks to alleviate." The lesser of two evils should not be mistaken for the good. Wisdom may suggest the expediency, when the house is on fire, of jumping from a seventh-floor window into a blanket held above the pavement. This would, nevertheless, seem to me an unwise method of descent to be adopted whenever one wanted a breath of fresh air.

63 Harford Street, E.1.

HARRY ROBERTS

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S ECONOMICS

SIR,—Mr. Lloyd George observes that "we are compelled now to buy from abroad hundreds of millions worth of produce most of which could be raised in this country." He goes on to say that we now have about a million workers on the soil as compared with two million about fifty years ago, and he concludes: "Let us go back to the two million."

Thus the expansion of agriculture plays so important a part in the scheme that it is to provide for no less than a million persons.

But is it assumed that when imports have been dispensed with on this enormous scale, the countries which supplied them will

still be in a position to go on as before with their purchases of British exports and their remittances of interest on British loans? It seems a remarkable assumption, but it is clear that on any other footing Mr. Lloyd George's calculation of the potential net gain in employment must be heavily discounted. The point is too obvious to have been overlooked, so that there must be an explanation. I am anxious to know what it is. LEONARD STEIN

38 Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10.

BRIGHTER B.B.C.

SIR,—How long is the B.B.C. to be hag-ridden by the Church of England? We have to wait till 10.15 for any life at all from Portland Place, and then a melancholy parson gives out the first lines of an *Evening* Hymn. Why should I listen to "Abide with me, fast falls the Eventide" in the middle of the morning? The Paris Radio is awake and cheerful at 8 a.m. Their Reveille is splendid and does one good to listen to, or a man gives out lively directions for some fine Swedish exercises, and then the weather forecast. Who wants to hear a long, slow weather report when the morning is half over—*after* a church service—not before?

Hurstpierpoint, Sussex. A. L. B. HARDCASTLE

THE NEW DEAL

SIR,—During the six months that I have been in England I have been quite amazed at the general and uncritical approbation of the English people for the acts of Mr. Roosevelt and his administration. The same Englishman who is sharply critical of his own Government and who often tells me that it is completely undistinguished and unprogressive seldom fails to congratulate me on having for the President of my country a man who is always *doing* something. Just what Mr. Roosevelt is doing or whether it should be done is seldom mentioned by the admirer.

I am sorry to read last week that your financial writer, Toreador, has joined these ranks. He writes: "It is odd that the recovery of the least law-abiding country in the world should be held up again and again by the letter of the law. . . . This week the close of the hearing in certain bondholder cases left it uncertain whether the judges would uphold the abrogation of the gold clause." Here we have the assumption that if Mr. Roosevelt and his Congress abrogated the gold clause it must have been right to have done so, and if the highest court of the land declares the acts illegal, why so much the worse for the court.

Now may I humbly suggest a practical course by which British admirers of the New Deal in America may translate faith into good deeds, and incidentally do themselves a handsome turn? Let them purchase some of the 4¼ per cent. bonds of the United States which yield at present prices over 4 per cent. This is, I believe, better than they can do at home. But let me utter a word of caution; when the bonds arrive don't pay any attention to some solemn hocus-pocus engraved upon them about the principal and interest being payable in gold coin of a certain weight and fineness. That was put in simply to sell the bonds and doesn't really mean a thing. As we say in America, skip it! It's a lot of boloney! The poor saps fell for it, didn't they, and are we laughing?

Will Toreador start off the list with a handsome subscription?

1 Earl Street, Cambridge. DONALD BELCHER

"NO HOPE FOR THE THEATRE"

SIR,—Mr. Turner's opinions are always stimulating, whether one agrees with them or not, and when he says that

> nobody can doubt that while mere commercialism controls the theatre, as it does at present, there can be no hope of a living dramatic art except in the obscure by-ways and corners of this country,

everybody will agree with him. But is he correct in saying that there is "no hope for the theatre"? Is commercial control of the theatre to Drama what the second law of thermo-dynamics is to Physics? I can see no reason for so deplorable a conclusion other than the extreme individualism of dramatists, who, after all, have no more right to call themselves the Drama, than Louis had to call himself the State.

You were good enough to print a letter of mine a couple of months ago, in which I said that a small group of dramatists and people interested in the theatre were forming a private company by means of which we hope to overcome the commercialism which rules the theatre. Instead of pleading for State assistance we hoped to utilise the machinery of private enterprise to overcome the evils of private enterprise, to apply Hahnemann's Law to Drama, and hoist commercialism with its own petard.

I communicated the scheme to some of our leading dramatists hoping to find sympathy and support, and that the Guild spirit might be alive amongst them. Alas, only two answered, and both displayed the spirit of Trade Unionism.

One, who is the very pinnacle of Drama, said that "A playwright's business is to send plays into theatres and to take money out of them." The other, who in his own line is perhaps almost as distinguished, warned me, with the most genuine kindness, that I was in danger, not of Hell fire, but of the Council of the League of British Dramatists!

Nevertheless, I am convinced that salvation is possible, and that it is likeliest to come through a Guild of Dramatists. But dramatists must be prepared to paddle their sacred toes in the muddy waters of the commercial Jordan, and to surrender their dream of floating luxuriously upon the broad-bosomed Babylonian rivers of the State. Their present method of plaintively paddling themselves in the "open" market while they are unsuccessful, and holding a piratical pistol at the head of some wretched manager as soon as they achieve success, is bad for dramatists and death to Drama, though it may be good Trade Unionism.

However, successful dramatists are loth to give up their pistols, and therefore we shall probably depend upon well-wishers, and dramatists who are as yet unsuccessful. Strength, as so often happens, will come out of weakness, and when it comes the driving of the money-changers out of the Thespian Temple will begin.

12 Primrose Hill Road, N.W.3. RICHARD HOPE

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

SIR,—I am, of course, aware of the children's concerts which are arranged by Mr. Robert Mayer and know how excellent they are; but by themselves they are not sufficient nor can they be extended in their present form to fill the wider need. My own scheme is both more and less ambitious than Mr. Mayer's. Concerts of good music would form a regular—weekly, if possible—feature of the programmes arranged at each of the centres for entertainment for children. The centres must be situated in populous areas so that children will naturally accept "the place round the corner" as somewhere where there is always something going on which they can go to and where they enjoy themselves. The prices of admission to the concerts and to all the other entertainments must be low enough for the mass of children to pay and this means very much less than 2*s.* and 1*s.* Finally, the programmes must be arranged for times when the mass of children can attend and that time is not Saturday morning. For such a scheme it would not be possible, I assume, to obtain the services of the leading national orchestras, but it would be possible to obtain good amateur orchestras and artists. Only by arranging regular entertainments for children at the places, times, and prices which are suitable for children can the mass of children be reached, and this must mean, at first, making use of the best materials which are available within these necessary limitations. Concerts at 2*s.* and 1*s.* in Westminster, children's plays at West End prices, special film programmes for children at West End cinemas, arranged on Saturday mornings or after eight o'clock in the evening, must necessarily be available to a small minority of children. WILLIAM FARR

35 Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.1.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that for the past ten to fifteen years the Public Halls Committee of the Glasgow Corporation has provided four Saturday forenoon Concerts for Children by the "Scottish Orchestra" in the largest hall in the City, the programme being specifically selected as suitable for children. As a prelude to the Concerts, each instrument is demonstrated and explained to the audience. The charge is sixpence each child.

So successful and valuable have these Concerts proved that two years ago the Corporation Education Committee arranged with the Scottish Education Department that eight such concerts per annum would be included in the musical curriculum for the pupils attending the Advanced Central and Secondary Schools, the children being conveyed free of charge to and from the hall. About 15,000 scholars from thirty-nine schools attended last year, and similar arrangements are made for the current season.

Members of the public and scholars from Private Schools are admitted to the balcony at a charge of 1*s.* 3*d.* per Concert or 7*s.* 6*d.* per season ticket for the eight Concerts in the case of adults, and 2*s.* 6*d.* per season ticket for four Concerts in the case of scholars from private schools. JOHN M. BIGGAR

Glasgow.

THE LOGIC OF PACIFISM

SIR,—We should better understand pacifism and many other subjects if we recognised the fact that all our conduct involves a certain amount of compromise. No abstract principle can be carried to its logical conclusion. We are involved in an Industrial system which involves a good deal of injustice and cruelty, but we do not therefore put our hands in other people's pockets. By paying taxes we all support many things which we consider wicked. From all this there is no escape except by committing suicide, and even then our bodies would have to be disposed of on commercial principles. The pacifist cannot help indirectly supporting war, but surely he may be allowed to decide at what point he shall compromise. He may say—" I will not take part in the work of slaughter, but I cannot help nursing the sick and wounded."

23 Chislehurst Avenue, N.12. BASIL MARTIN

Miscellany

SEEN IN LONDON

THIS afternoon I thought I'd go and look at hats in South Molton Street—only look at them, as I can't afford to buy them—so I just peer at them all very attentively and then go and buy one for 3*s.* 11*d.* at the Galeries X in Regent Street.

South Molton Street is the most extraordinary place, just like an oriental souk, for it is entirely composed of hat shops, rather smart ones with Paris models in the windows.

I saw one hat like a Chinese pagoda, several, of course, like Cossack caps, one very pretty one made of black velvet with one bright yellow feather stuck in it, several fantastic ones, twisted into impossible shapes.

Through the silken hangings peered shop-girls, adjusting the hats and stealing covert, appraising glances at the people who were looking in. But they spotted at once that I was the wrong sort, that I would never come in and buy. This annoyed me. How quickly these experts see through false smartness!

But there were a good many genuine shoppers to-day, and several smart cars were drawn up at the kerb. I turned from the hats to look at one of the cars, for smart cars arouse my desires almost as much as smart hats. This one was particularly magnificent, not a Rolls, perhaps an Isotta or a Hispano. As I stood on the pavement between the hats and the car, two females of the upper classes came out of the shop at a sharp trot and brushed past me to the car. They were peculiarly repulsive specimens, very large, " well groomed," clean and handsome. A mother and daughter, I think. They made for the car and dived into it, talking at the tops of their voices. The chauffeur sprang forward and spread a rug over their knees. The rug matched the colour of the car and the chauffeur's uniform. Beside the chauffeur sat a third female, a ravishingly pretty girl, with a dazzling, rosy complexion charmingly got up. The first two ladies had obviously been having a row in the hat-shop and had not bought any of the lovely hats. The pretty girl on the front seat turned towards them. I heard snatches of their talk.

" Couldn't be expected to do that! Ridiculous . . . monstrous. . . . Quite right to refuse. . . . Yes, definitely! "

The chauffeur had finished enveloping their legs in the green rug. Inaudibly they glided off—the car, I should say. I turned again to the shop window. A wave of extraordinary emotion swept over me. Disgust, admiration, envy, revolt, and amusement. As often happens when I feel a strong emotion, I raised my head and looked vaguely up.

Exactly above the hat-shop window was a bright blue plate-like object. On it was written :

WILLIAM BLAKE
ENGLISH POET
LIVED IN THIS HOUSE
18— to 18—

J. S. B.

HOW TO PRAISE

THERE has recently been published an English translation of a book on Mozart by M. Henri Ghéon, which raises in the reader a very acute sense of the difficulty of writing a panegyric that will both convince the reader and do justice to the author's subject. M. Ghéon has set out to write on Mozart with the fervent enthusiasm of a lover who thinks that the subject of his love, although long world-famous and the admiration of all musicians, is still inadequately appreciated.

There can be no doubt of M. Ghéon's sincerity. I love Mozart, he says, more than Raphael, more than Racine, more than this, that and the other—enumerating a host of famous artists; but the odd thing is that as we read this heart-felt announcement it does not make any corresponding impression upon us. We are reminded of Tolstoy's remark that nothing sounds more flat, even to the man who makes it, than the lover's ardent declaration to his mistress: " I love you." Almost invariably an awareness of the flatness of this remarkable assertion causes the speaker to repeat it either in a louder or a more deliberate but always still less convincing manner. Throughout M. Ghéon's book, he is saying " Mozart, I love you " or " I love you Mozart " or " I love Mozart," and for a cynic it would be amusing, but for an enthusiast it is distressing to find, on arriving at the end of his book, that M. Ghéon's conception of Mozart is painfully inadequate and one that could hardly have failed to annoy Mozart himself considerably.

The most irritating, as it also is the most wrong-headed of M. Ghéon's loving conceptions of Mozart, is his reiteration of Mozart's childlike purity and innocence. A divine child—that is how Mozart appears to M. Ghéon, who has more than the average Frenchman's partiality for thinking in terms of sacred and profane love! To be adult, passionate, experienced and yet not corrupt is something apparently inconceivable; so Mozart has to be considered as a sort of Peter Pan who never grew up but retained his spotless—and, I may add, worthless—innocence until his death.

Now it so happens that while reading M. Ghéon's book I received a letter from a music-lover in America in which the writer confesses to being perplexed by the subjects which Mozart chose for the text of his operas.

" What little I know of Mozart's operas leads me to an opinion not shared by you, I believe," he writes," namely, that Beethoven was right when he criticised Mozart's librettos. . . . Is not the music of *Figaro* . . . in continued conflict with a funny, silly, social and comparatively empty plot? "

There is no doubt that many people, from Beethoven to my correspondent, have been troubled by the character of the text of Mozart's operas, in particular of *Don Giovanni* and *Cosi fan Tutte!* And indeed, there is no possibility of reconciling M. Ghéon's conception of Mozart as a " divine child " with the composer of *Don Giovanni* and *Cosi fan Tutte*. In my opinion the " divine child " conception of Mozart is utterly in conflict with his personality, his life, his letters and his music. There is absolutely nothing either childlike or adolescent in the grown-up Mozart who was a completely mature man and musician if there ever was one. It is a curious fact that artists who have a strong ethical bias, as Beethoven and Tolstoy had, show every sign in their work of a divided mind, of their being the seat of a distracted struggle between opposing forces—call them good and evil, if you will! Tolstoy is nearly always secretly uneasy, hence his dogmatic assertiveness. A similar uneasiness, a similar struggle, and a similar dogmatic asseveration is surely an unmistakable characteristic of much of Beethoven's music. You will find none of these qualities in Mozart, *not* because he is a divine child, but because he is a complete man who is not divided against himself, but is in perfect sympathy with the whole of creation—including Count Almaviva, Leporello, Donna Anna, Don Giovanni, and Papageno.

There is no conflict between the music and the text of any of Mozart's great operas, and their greatness is due to the fact

that Mozart in his unique (in the history of music) comprehensiveness has no hatred—as Tolstoy or Beethoven would have had—for the worst (conventionally speaking) of his characters, but on the contrary has just as much sympathy with Don Giovanni, for example, as with his victims Donna Anna and Donna Elvira. It is this which gives a perfect truthfulness to Mozart's dramatic music. He makes no judgments—all that sort of thing for Mozart would be too cheap. He is above and beyond making judgments.

This is not an attitude which will ever be popular; or even intelligible to a great number of ardent and reforming spirits. Between the attitude of Beethoven and that of Mozart who shall judge? Personally I would not be without Beethoven, although I suspect that a careful analysis of Beethoven's music would reveal that it was greatest just when it was least dogmatic and aggressive. My whole personal predilection, however, goes more and more towards Mozart who himself makes no judgments but creates in us a state of such blessedness while listening to Don Giovanni, Leporello or Papageno—to say nothing of the effect of his more tender and suffering characters—that all notions concerning ethics just dissolve into the nothingness of which, in my opinion, they are really composed. Also nobody seems to remember in these days of superficial apprehensions that without the lust of Don Giovanni there would not be the tears of Donna Elvira. The cheapness of the present age consists in its ready-made condemnation of exactly one-half of the Universe. What the world would actually be like if this half, so condemned by Tolstoy, by Beethoven, and other high-minded but narrow idealists, were actually taken away and we were left with only tender Donna Elviras and no Don Giovannis to make them weep nobody seems to consider for one moment, so ready is every Tom, Dick and Harry to take on the job of re-creating the world!

Perhaps I am utterly wrong, perhaps Mozart and Shakespeare are mistaken and Tolstoy and Beethoven are right. I do not mind which one believes so long as we are allowed to have the Mozarts as well as the Beethovens, the Shakespeares as well as the Tolstoys. But I do regret that when a gifted writer like M. Henri Ghéon writes with so much perception and love on so great an artist as Mozart, that he should give in the main what I believe to be an entirely false conception of Mozart and one that Mozart himself would have instantly repudiated.

As for Mozart's operas their music is absolutely of the same character as his symphonic and chamber music. It is a striking characteristic of Mozart's music that it is susceptible of quite opposing interpretations. The same piece may sometimes be thought gay and sometimes sad. To achieve this is, in my opinion, to reach the topmost pinnacle of art. Nobody can say what precisely it means. That, I believe, to be the goal of every great artist—to fill one with a nameless and an indescribable feeling that is a perfect marriage of joy and sorrow, not to be defiled by any label and therefore not to be put on sale, for it is an article whose use nobody knows and therefore one that nobody can be persuaded to want.

W. J. TURNER

PRIMITIVES AND OTHERS

IT is a little disconcerting to meet Epstein in what purports to be an exhibition of Negro Art. He is, however, but one of a whole series of European compères thoughtfully engaged by the Adams Gallery to put us at our ease in what might otherwise prove strange surroundings. Thus, having been introduced by various of our countrymen to an American Negress, a West Indian Negress, a West African Negress, a Young Negress, a Reclining Negress, an Abstract Negress, and a Symbolically Dissected Negress, we can turn to the matter in hand in the knowledge that its credentials, at least, are faultless.

This preliminary hand-shaking over, our first impression is one of balance. In these carvings the poise of masses is so instinctive that we have a sense of something much larger, much more potent than reality. This is particularly striking in the woman's figure from Sierra Leone (No. 46), which, with hands clasped and legs planted apart, conveys an almost intolerable sense of brooding and mystery. In fact there is a real temptation, especially in view of the suggestion of Egypt in an ibis from Upper Nigeria and a Nephertite-like ghost-mask from Dahomey (No. 59), to put down this feeling for form straight away as the real African speciality.

Yet it is not an exclusive merit. An extraordinarily gentle Congo Crucifix (No. 52) and a modern portrait bust with a delicious twinkle of humour show surprising subtlety of feeling. There is an occasional intriguing use of colour and pattern, too, and a large bowl (No. 17) might give some ideas to the purveyors of Art in Industry across the way.

What most clearly emerges, however, is that Negro Art is now at a moment of transition—from an anonymous group activity to a conscious individual one. In the *Guardian Ancestor Head* (No. 24) or the primitive nail-studded fetish from Lower Congo (No. 65), for example, it is almost impossible to envisage a single artist, so much are these things the product of the beliefs, fears and rites of the tribe as a whole. In the bold Benin bronzes (Nos. 62, 63), or the lovely suavity of the Woman's Ghost Mask from Gabun (No. 6), the first interpretation of the individual craftsman is already visible. And, finally, under European influence, we find a self-conscious independent artist expressing purely personal reactions in the bust already mentioned or in the gay and naive paintings of Kalifala Sidi-Be (Nos. 44, 45).

It is no use shedding tears over the changes entailed by this quite inevitable development, which occurred in Greece about 500 B.C. without disastrous results. And it is encouraging to read in Sir Michael Sadler's monograph,* which forms a valuable illustrated supplement to the show, that many of those concerned are striving to guide the transition with tact and sympathy. The fact is, West Africa is about to leave behind the art of the primitive. It has, in that field, a heritage worthy of comparison with any.

At the Mayor Galleries, where abstract work by Picasso, Juan Gris, and Léger is being shown, we find this tendency to artistic individualism carried to its extreme. Such art is in the nature of laboratory research. It has frankly little to do with the life of the community, by which it is unrecognised. (Though it is an interesting comment on the relative place of science and art in public affection that Einstein, whose work is infinitely more abstract and difficult of comprehension than Picasso's, is by contrast a well-known figure.)

Perhaps the most successful of Picasso's exhibits is *Nature Morte à la Guitare* (No. 3), a study in blues and browns where the sense of violent energy obtained by opposing blocks of plain colour and pattern is effectively reined in with a heavy frame of black. *Thermomètre* (No. 5), too, is a witty essay in contrasting colour temperature. As representing one (and not the most recent) of a dozen phases, all equally rich in inventiveness, these five canvases once again demonstrate Picasso's unrivalled capacity for discovering and exploiting new stylistic possibilities.

Juan Gris was a slower, more sober workman altogether. His themes in harmonising olive shades have, in spite of their angular echo from the master, a quite individual repose and depth. To the amateur, however, the most interesting series of the three will probably be that provided by Léger, since his is spread over a sufficiently long period to make some tracing of development possible. The earlier pictures, *Mécanicien dans l'Usine* (No. 11) and *Les Pêcheurs* (No. 13), are still representational cubism. Then comes a venture into purely abstract cubism (No. 12), which reminds us of those old-fashioned optical illusions where the eye, rendered dizzy by

* *Arts of West Africa (Excluding Music).* Ed. Michael E. Sadler. *Oxford University Press.* 5s.

impossible demands, would give up the unequal struggle and begin improvising on its own. Contrast this crude beginning with the liquid curves and dancing lyrical lines of ten years later (No. 15). Even the fiercest opponents of abstract art will agree that this still youthful experiment has already learned many of the civilised graces. Their outstanding plea will probably be that the gallant old guitar which has rallied the cause so steadily for fifteen years be now pensioned off into a decent and honourable retirement.

The same indifference to merely human interest is shown at Zwemmer's by Eugène Berman, a Russian refugee with a penchant for the Renaissance and the Camargue. Except that here is a sense of weariness in place of exuberance, reaction rather than experiment. This moon-world, where all excitement pulses in tortured rock formations, is like a stage-set for the witches' scene in Macbeth. The few peasant figures which creep across it are themselves a projection of the aridity and igneous vitality of the landscape, and when they move into the foreground, as in *Vieille Femme* (No. 3), it is with a Daumier-like sense of doom and fatefulness.

Reaction is most clear in the drawings, and it is interesting to discover Berman as excited over pure perspective in *Place Vénitienne* (No. 22) as any quattrocento Italian. The trick of drawing the spectator into the scene by carrying some poles past the edge of the canvas (No. 6) has a similar ingenuousness. Yet this painstaking is not wasted. It serves to fill the complicated rhythms of solid geometry with a vital and almost terrifying significance.

Renoir, at Agnew's, provides a good foil both for negroes and intellectuals. For he leaves an impression of solidity, closely related to that of the bourgeoisie whose highest genius he represented. In these seventeen late works, however, one cannot escape an incipient weakness. Here is the famous tenderness, but also a suspicion of over-sugaring; the wonderful sense of interfusion—and a certain spinelessness. "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt," prayed Hamlet. In *Le Concert* (No. 5) he could have seen this rare phenomenon actually in progress. Watching these two large females melting, like raspberry ices on a hot day, into a background already tinged with their pinkness, one realises the absolute historical necessity of cubistic corsets and the austere diet of abstraction.

RODNEY COLLIN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Old Bailey"

Mr. Campbell Dixon has made a very efficient bid to re-establish melodrama on a modern basis with *Old Bailey*, presented on Sunday night by the Charta Theatre at the Westminster. He has, moreover, an axe to grind, though he never flourishes it. He is impatient with barristers who are too ready to convince themselves of the innocence of their clients while still calling themselves officers of a court-of-law, and still more impatient with sentimental and susceptible juries who let beautiful and agonised villainy slip through their fingers for reasons which are only remotely connected with the evidence. We see Elena Farron shoot her boisterous and tiresome but not quite bullet-deserving husband in Act I. In Act II we see her on trial for her life, defended brilliantly and faithfully by Sir Guy Brampton, K.C., most distinguished of fashionable advocates. And in Act III we see her resuming her intrigue with the gigolo who precipitated the trouble earlier in the evening, this time as the wife of her barrister. Sir Guy discovers them, but is saved from indiscretion by a lady subordinate who arranges that the revolver shall be left with the guilty party rather than fired by the innocent. Miss Margaret Rawlings finds genuine passion in Mrs. Farron, and invests her with a kind of passionate ecstasy which is understandable, if deplorable. She is a rootless creature, whose desires dominate her existence, even when she is ashamed of them. Mr. Henry Hallatt, as the eminent K.C., bombinates satisfyingly in court but is even more satisfying in his examination—wilfully blind—of the client he cannot help defending. Miss Stella Rho and Miss Muriel Minty contribute effective short character studies.

Intimate Opera

The Mercury Theatre is a nice size for intimate opera, though it could do with being a little larger. The ideal size is about that of Captain Christie's Glyndebourne opera house, that is to say of a seating capacity of from three to five hundred people. In a large theatre the dramatic content or at least the verbal content dwindles into a secondary consideration compared with the music owing to the difficulty of hearing all the words with the distinctness necessary to any subtlety of accentuation. For three Tuesday evenings, beginning on Tuesday, January 15th, Mr. Ashley Dukes and Mr. Frederick Woodhouse are presenting Mozart's comic opera *Bastien and Bastienne*, James Hook's once-celebrated scene *The Musical Courtship*, a dramatic version of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, and Charles Dibdin's *The Grenadier*. These make a perfectly delightful programme. They are sung in English by Mabel Ritchie, Frederick Woodhouse, and Geoffrey Dunn and the diction of all three is unusually good, while the singing is more than competent, and the acting, though somewhat stiff and inexpressive in the more serious scenes, is wholly admirable in the lighter parts. But what contributes chiefly to the enjoyable effect of these performances is that they are all performed *con amore*, with a gusto that is as rare as it is exhilarating. The orchestra consists of five—two violins, a viola, a 'cello and pianoforte, and it adds no little to the evening's entertainment by a judicious selection of music for the Interludes. This must be considered a wholly successful experiment and it ought to have sufficient success to induce Mr. Ashley Dukes to put on a continuous season of intimate opera at the Mercury Theatre, so that the large public which would enjoy this most attractive entertainment might be given a proper opportunity to find its way to Notting Hill and Ladbroke Grove where the theatre is situated.

"Maskerade"

Willy Forst is one of the ablest Continental producers; and *Maskerade* (now showing at the Academy) is an extraordinarily entertaining film, light, graceful, frivolous and acted from beginning to end with unusual intelligence and skill. Paula Wessely, an actress too little known in England, gives a really brilliant performance as an elderly countess' companion. The story, a slight but amusing affair, revolves round a chinchilla muff, a painter and the professor's wife who is indiscreet enough to allow him to draw her wearing muff, mask and modesty alone. There is a scandal; and, in the effort to provide an alibi, the painter lays the blame on an entirely imaginary person whose name happens to be that of the companion. . . . It makes a charming film, though the finale is somewhat banal and the gramophone echoes of Caruso are perhaps a mistake.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 25th—
Paganini (Matinée), Whitehall Theatre.
B.B.C. Chamber Concert, Broadcasting House, 8.15.

SATURDAY, January 26th—
British Symphony Orchestra, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, January 27th—
John Katz on "Ethics and a World Order," Conway Hall, 11.
Kreisler, Albert Hall, 3.
W. Mellor on "Mechanisation of Industry and the Individual," Transport Hall, 7.45.
"Miss Julie," and "The Copy," Arts Theatre.

MONDAY, January 28th—
Presentation of the film illustrating Housing in St. Pancras, St. Edmunds, Lombard Street, 5.
R. H. Wilenski on "Art in Industry," Morley College, 8.
Prof. K. Mason on "The Mountain Barrier of India," Birkbeck College, 8.15
Dr. G. P. Gooch on "The Ethical Objections to Dictatorship," Conway Hall, 8.30.

TUESDAY, January 29th—
B. N. Mukerjee on "Indian Music," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
C. E. M. Joad on "The Future of Civilisation," Conway Hall, 7.
The Rev. R. A. Knox on "Roman Catholicism," Morley College, 8.
"Between Us Two," Criterion Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, January 30th—
Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood on "Housing and Health," Hampstead Garden Suburb Institute, 8.15.
"Love on the Dole," Garrick Theatre.

THURSDAY, January 31st—
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (Beecham), Queen's Hall, 8.15.

SATURDAY, February 2nd—
Home and School Council of Great Britain. Dr. E. Sloan Chesser on "Character in the Making," Friends House, Euston Rd., 5.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

DURING the last ten days I have been reading the letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins. They are the letters of a poet about poetry, with few of those graces and irrelevances which will sometimes endear a poet to the public that does not read his works. For the poet, unlike the musician or the painter, is unreasonably expected to cut a figure outside his art; and the humdrum life of a literary Brahms or Cézanne will as likely as not bring him neglect. Those who have not been dazzled by Hopkins's poetry will probably be disappointed by his letters, which reveal a life bare of incidents, a character gentle, austere, devoted and removed from his surroundings. He was born in 1844, of middle-class parents. At Highgate School he showed himself a fine classical scholar, with a talent for the arts, especially for poetry, which gained him various prizes; he disliked games, and preferred—" like Swinburne " we are told—to go off climbing trees. Very soon, in fact, as his early verses show, he was developing along orthodox Swinburnian lines; but this sweet precociousness was broken by fits of eccentricity. He read religious books and practised fasts. At Oxford, coming under the influence of Newman, he gave up poetry for religion, destroyed much of what he had written, and despite the arguments of his friends was received into the Catholic Church, of which he afterwards became a priest. In the intervals of his work as priest and schoolmaster he returned to writing in a mature style (these are the poems on which his reputation rests), and broken by ill-health and spiritual torment died in 1889. The brief " table of events " given in Father Lahey's *Life* consists of walking-tours, examinations, his appointments as a priest. It will be seen that this is a life in which renunciations play a large part; indeed, the renunciation of life and poetry, never complete, gives his work its peculiar strength and isolation. Hopkins's tremendous poetical energy is employed always in fighting against the stream, in resisting those dreams on which poets tend to float, and the result is that his words are braced at a tension far higher than that of any other poet of his time. If one wanted to find his complete opposite it would be Swinburne (and but for his " conflicts " Hopkins might have turned into another Swinburne himself!). For even with Swinburne at his best, in the choruses of *Atalanta*, for example, we feel that the words are little more than counters—showers of sequins if you like; but with Hopkins each word is a living microcosm. There are echoes in the one of every poet who has ever written; the other read almost as widely and became more obstinately himself. Hopkins was damned obstinate as a poet, whatever his weakness in the face of the world, and it is a virtue for which every true lover of poetry will always be grateful.

* * *

Spiritual obstinacy and strength, and an inability to grapple with the task of living—those, I think, are the characteristics which every reader will see in his writings. And here again the contrast with Swinburne is useful. For Swinburne, even more than Hopkins, was the type of poet who, unequal to living, finds a release in poetry; but where Hopkins turned to religion, Swinburne turned to drink, and without the intervention of friends would have drowned in it. " In his detached existence," we are told by Gosse, of the days at Putney, " he did not regard current novels as literature but as life, they took the place of real adventures "; and Swinburne's chief reading was Dickens. The comparative values, *as material for poetry* (which is our only concern), of Swinburne's novel-reading and Hopkins's mystical experience, can be seen in the poems which each wrote in his last period: Hopkins found a reality in his last poems which puts them on a level with the sonnets of Donne and Milton. I have prolonged this comparison in order to emphasise two points, which are of importance in considering Hopkins as a poet. The first (contrary to the usual view of him taken by Bridges, I. A. Richards and others) is that religion did *not* stifle the poet in Hopkins, for without religion he could hardly have written many of his best poems; the second is that he developed his profoundly individual expression and technique by resolutely opposing the schoolmen of his age. This second point brings me to the relations between Hopkins and Robert Bridges.

* * *

To Bridges we owe the publication of the *Poems*, in 1918 and of the volumes of correspondence which appear now admirably edited by Professor Claude Colleer Abbott (Oxford University Press, 2 vols., 30*s*.). The first and most important of these volumes contains letters written by Hopkins to Bridges over a period of twenty-four years, the second the correspondence between Hopkins and Canon Dixon. A third volume, with letters to Patmore and others, will be published later on. The point of contact in each of these literary friendships was poetry. Bridges held a unique position in the life of Hopkins (remember, the latter was an exile). They met at Oxford, and their intimacy, consisting chiefly in an interchange of criticism between poets, lasted for a quarter of a century. Professor Abbott, in his Introduction, draws the picture of two men with minds and aims similarly attuned, each giving of his best in friendship. No one will deny the genuineness and value of their friendship, or the high quality of writing which it evoked; but what seems to me to emerge from every page of this remarkable correspondence is the struggle—for the most part unconscious, and to be read between the lines—of two natures fundamentally opposed. Perhaps it is not simplifying too much to say that it was the struggle between genius and talent. I am not for a moment questioning Bridges' sincerity, his great talent, his devotion to his friend and his art; but the tussle is there, plain to see. In all those years, when Hopkins refused to publish and Bridges became a successful poet, there is not a sign that Hopkins ever learnt anything from Bridges, that he budged an inch in his purpose as an artist. As a critic of his friend's verses he speaks with authority, and of his own work with absolute certainty. " I cannot think of altering anything," he writes to Bridges in 1878. " Why shd. I? I do not write for the public. You are my public and I write to convert you." (He never succeeded in this.) " . . . . You say you wd. not for any money read my poem again [*The Wreck of the Deutschland*]. Nevertheless I beg you will. Besides money, you know, there is love. If it is obscure do not bother yourself with the meaning but pay attention to the best and most intelligible stanzas, as the two last of each part and the narrative of the wreck. If you had done this you wd. have liked it better and sent me some serviceable criticisms, but now your criticism is of no use, being only a protest memorialising me against my whole policy and proceedings." And from the same letter (xxxvii, Vol. 1) I pick out the following paragraph which is perhaps the best brief statement that Hopkins made of his poetic aims:

> Why do I employ sprung rhythm at all? Because it is the nearest to the rhythm of speech, that is the native and natural rhythm of speech, the least forced, the most rhetorical and emphatic of all possible rhythms, combining, as it seems to me, opposite and, one wd. have thought, incompatible excellences, markedness of rhythm—that is rhythm's self—and naturalness of expression—for why, if it is forcible in prose to say " láshed ród," am I obliged to weaken this in verse, which ought to be stronger, not weaker, into " láshed birch-ród " or something?

Bridges' answer to that is not given, but he could only have said, " Some things you must not do! "; and therein lay their quarrel.

* * *

Among all these letters I find I have quoted from one page. They are packed with criticism which is invaluable for the understanding of Hopkins's poetry and of poetry in general. No such letters written by an English poet have appeared in the last fifty years. G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

Nothing Like Leather. By V. S. PRITCHETT. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.
The Poacher. By H. E. BATES. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
The Epic-Makers. By PAUL MORAND. Transl. by STUART GILBERT. *Lovat Dickson.* 7s. 6d.
A House Divided. By PEARL S. BUCK. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
The White Peony. By EVELYN HERBERT. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Nets to Catch the Wind. By BARBARA WORSLEY-GOUGH. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

Modern novelists may be divided into two classes, one large and one exceedingly small. There are the opportunists and there are the zealots—writers who take up the novel because it offers them an almost unexampled scope for doing just what they please, hitting off their friends, criticising contemporary society or indulging in autobiographical disgression; and the "born" novelists, a select few, who have adopted the medium because it satisfies their sense of continuity and dramatic development as nothing else could. True novelists, alas, are very rare. Of every dozen chroniclers who set out, usually at enormous length, to describe the evolution of a character, the rise and decadence of a family, the disappearance of one generation and the emergence of the next, how many succeed in convincing us that time has really passed, life has been lived—so forcibly that our own experience is modified? Novelists who belong to the larger category may leave us with a series of isolated impressions, disconnected pictures; but we are reminded of the primitive cinematograph once very popular among English children—scenes that moved when flipped over by the thumb. For a second the little drawings had an air of movement; it ceased abruptly if we ceased to turn the pages.

Thus, the movement of many novels is completely factitious. Of the books under review, only Mr. V. S. Pritchett's *Nothing Like Leather*, appears to grow in obedience to some principle of inner development, implied by the theme. Not content with describing a series of episodes, Mr. Pritchett introduces us to a character who lives, grows and moves, whose personality dominates the narrative and whose progress is inseparable from the effect produced. Mathew Burkle would have delighted Arnold Bennett; but whereas Arnold Bennett would have endowed this small business man and war-time profiteer with the robust and sanguine vulgarity of the Five Towns, Mr. Pritchett refuses to allow him to become a type. Burkle is invariably odd and unexpected. Here is the story of a schemer, frustrated at the last because he fails to recognise that what he desires is not the object of his ambition so much as its emotional and romantic periphery. Again and again, he confuses the shadow and the substance. . . . Mathew is one of those deeply romantic personages whose romanticism must always be harnessed to some purely utilitarian end. He achieves it, or it is within his grasp; and, lo and behold, it does not satisfy. Though not a long book, *Nothing Like Leather* is so closely and cleverly condensed that it is difficult to do the narrative justice in the compass of a single short paragraph. Both Mathew himself and Henrietta Petworth, his employer's daughter, the woman whom he loves and who has the special fascination of symbolising the wealth and freedom towards which he climbs, are characters drawn with sympathy and uncommon skill; while Mathew's commercial background is extraordinarily vivid. Mr. Pritchett knows a great deal about tanneries; but, thank heaven, his knowledge of the *milieu* is never obtrusive.

The style of the book is supple and intelligent. Mr. Pritchett, I feel sure, is a novelist who had chosen the novel for the simple and sufficient reason that prose narrative and the detailed analysis of character are the forms that suit him best. Mr. Bates, on the other hand, though he writes more exquisitely than Mr. Pritchett, tends to build up his novel from a series of pictures, each delightful in its way, but each complete and finished in itself. His book does not develop with the same gusto. . . . A poaching expedition; a snow-scene; a lonely man at work in a large field on the outskirts of a big, ugly town. Nothing that he writes is undistinguished, and there are many passages in *The Poacher* that must be numbered among the most beautiful he has produced; yet the impression they make is strangely static. The book is a stringing-together of brilliant episodes, connected by a slight and arbitrary tale.

Mr. Bates is a story-teller first and foremost. His short stories are economically constructed, smoothly written and, at their finest, full of the subdued autumnal poetry that we appreciate in the verses of George Crabbe. In *The Poacher*, a succession of stories coalesce; the story of a poacher in his old age, at variance with his superior shrewish middle-class wife; stories of his youth, of how he assaulted a policeman and was lost in the snow, of how he and his father raided new territory:

> Out in the park, in the unbroken space of grassland between the thick belt of trees and the mansion itself the night was utterly silent. The feet of the men were soundless. They were walking now, due northwards, the stars by the Plough very brilliant to the right of the great house, the Plough half-inverted. Before them, high above its stone terraces, beyond the cedar trees, the house had a look of strange remoteness. In the clear starlight the many white closed shutters of the windows were just visible, the pale stone face of the house broken up horizontally here and there by the blackness of the slender cedar branches. There were no lights and no sound except as they drew nearer to the place the quiet sound of running water—the sound of a waterfall flowing invisibly down somewhere beyond the cedars and the terraces. The water itself flowed away into a thin stream across the park and as they crossed the stream in a single leap Luke caught the smell of the water, half-sweet, half-rotten with the odour of fallen leaves.

That waterfall (which also sounds through a short story) seems curiously characteristic of the writer's method, as does the glimpse of deserted park and darkened trees. So melancholy its cadence, so hushed and evocative, it is ill-suited to turn the mill-wheels of modern fiction.

M. Paul Morand is less a novelist than a commentator; and, though *The Epic-Makers* is not quite up to the standard of *Ouvert la Nuit*, it is a remarkably amusing book, a high-spirited satire on the modern film industry, with particular reference to the production of films in France. Films, as we know, are sponsored all over the world by gentlemen with odd names, of undefined and often somewhat dubious nationality. Sacha Sacher, Kalitrich, Jacobi and Pericles Hermeticos were primarily responsible for *Fayre France*, a film version of the *Chanson de Roland*, subsidised by the Comte de Kergael with the proceeds of his last two farms; and, while Kergael put up the money, Sacher, Jacobi and the others, each backed by his financial group—"not men they seemed, so much as nebulae in movement"—set to work the machinery of credit, piling up discounted, rediscounted and re-rediscounted bills to the tune of several times more than the

original sum. Kergael is killed; *Fayre France*, with a producer who has been engaged in mistake for an entirely different German-Jewish producer of the same name, develops into a white elephant of monstrous proportions; and M. Tardif, attorney to the deceased Kergael, appears on the scene as chief creditor. Never had the little Breton lawyer imagined such an existence as he discovers when he travels down to the Basque country to watch the shooting of the film. Confusion, waste, hopeless insolvency, mutinous actors, recalcitrant camera-men and Russian extras with a periodical tendency to run amok. . . . There seems no hope of recovering his million; yet, thanks in part to his own shrewdness, to the twistings and turning of the Levantine "group" and to the successful villainy of Kron, the bogus producer, the film achieves a triumph of the first magnitude; and the last episode is laid in a picture-palace on the Champs Elysées, where it receives the blessing of the President of the French Republic.

No one who has been allowed even the briefest glimpse behind the Corinthian facade of an international film company will consider that M. Morand has given an exaggerated or unduly satirical account of the lines on which one of the greatest modern industries is apt to do business. Besides its diverting sketch of a film in the making, the novel contains a lively exploration of the arcana of High Finance and some unforgettable portraits of those who engage in it. Take, for instance, Sacher's linguistic abilities. Tardif and his client's mother, the Comtesse de Kergael, are in consultation, when Sacher and his friends, who have flown from Paris, invade the old lady's drawing-room:

> They held a hurried colloquy in the ancient tongue of Southern Brittany. Suddenly, to the general amazement, Sacher burst into the conversation.
>
> "*Konz e hran brehoneg!*" he proudly perorated.
>
> "What? You talk Breton?" the Countess exclaimed.
>
> "Matame, I ton't know how it is, but as soon as I am in a country I can always speak de language."

Nothing Like Leather, *The Poacher* and *The Epic-Makers* are three books of uncommon and refreshing quality. Turning to *A House Divided*, Mrs. Pearl Buck's latest novel, one can only say that this is a romance that will not add to her admirers—indeed, it may disappoint some who admired that comparatively humdrum chronicle, *The Good Earth*—but will delight faithful members of the Buck faction. Both *The White Peony*, an interesting but, on the whole, not very convincing story about domestic life in a Welsh mining town, and *Nets to Catch the Wind*, are second novels. Since she produced *Public Affaires*, a social comedy which owed a great deal to the authoress's acquaintanceship with the work of Mr. Evelyn Waugh, Miss Barbara Worsley-Gough has made great strides, both in originality and in the knowledge of her art; and *Nets to Catch the Wind* is a serious effort. Incidentally, her description of the priggish orphans is much funnier than anything in her earlier book.

PETER QUENNELL

A TRIUMPH OF UGLINESS

The Conquest of Ugliness. Edited by JOHN DE LA VALETTE. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Such a title printed across such a jacket as this volume wears is the perfection of irony. Within, the illustrations—for the most part photographs of objects now on view at Burlington House—are to match. They suggest that London is to Stockholm what Brisbane is to London. That is not the case. Good industrial art is being produced in England; but you will see little of it in the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art in Industry, and in this book you will hear less. It is not the sort of thing Royal Academicians and their pet manufacturers care for.

The book, a collection of essays, presents itself as a companion to the show. And, to be sure, they make a pretty pair. Also, just as in the exhibition there are one or two tolerable collections, the ceramics, for instance, and the collection of glass, so in the book there are a few chapters worth reading—Mr. Geoffrey Holme's on the role of the manufacturer, and Mrs. Joel's which, at any rate, is full of her own ideas.

Mr. Holme's conception of a Board of Management on which the salesman, the accountant, the craftsman and the designer all meet on equal terms under the presidency of a director who has the last word, seems to me interesting and practical. Only, who is to advise the director in his choice of a designer? Not the Royal Academy, I hope, or we shall be worse off than ever. *Quis, in fact, custodiet custodes?* Also I was particularly glad to find a man of his authority putting in a good word for "throw-outs" and "wasters"; for, to be frank, "throw-outs" and "wasters" are about the only pots of quality now being produced in England by commercial kilns. Unfortunately, having been thrown out, they are wasted. There are commercial potters in the Midlands—at Brain's, at Wilkinson's—who know this. "But," they say, "we could never persuade the public to accept 'wasters'." This I do not believe. If Brain's and Wilkinson's can induce their clients to buy the really beautiful designs of our best painters—and in this they have succeeded beyond expectation—there is no reason why they should not lead them on to appreciate quality of *matière*.

I hope Mrs. Joel will go on rubbing in the manifest, but manifestly ill-known, truth, that "the old and the new can be reconciled, and should be." It is true, not only of furniture, but of every kind of art: the fact being that good things always go well together because, in essence, all good works of art are alike. Insistence on uniformity of provenance or period or style is one of the silliest of fashionable snobberies. Harmony in a collection or a room should be imposed by the collector's taste. "I have seen heterogeneous pieces in houses which would have been thought utterly incorrect according to the usual codes of producing a homogeneous room, but I found that they were held together by the personality of the collector." That is Mrs. Joel's experience. Add "and by the quality of 'rightness' common to all genuine works of art," and it is the experience of every sensitive person who has ever looked about him.

Mr. Holme's contribution and Mrs. Joel's are exceptions; as a rule, the book faithfully represents the exhibition. They are alike in their infinite feebleness and their faint vulgarity. But the book, of course, is the better medium for expressing that sense of hearty righteousness which, in the darkest hour of failure and ridicule, upstays the soul of the common British arts-and-craftsman. Here is a sample: that essay by Mrs. Joel from which I quoted, and which is the brightest thing in the book because the liveliest and most personal, apparently was felt by some of her collaborators to be a bit too lively and a bit too personal, wherefore the editor has prefaced it with an apology, and here is the sentence with which that apology ends: "In an age when the facile slicing of veneers has almost reduced wood to the level of paper, Betty Joel and her naval husband preserve their reverence for sound forest-grown timbers—all of which seems good enough reason why she should tell us about the things which turn a house into a home."

That is what the editor says. The editor's name is John de La Valette, and, for the moment, he is a significant figure because, besides being editor of the book, he is organising secretary of the show. The opening sentence of his introduction—"The glory of God and the joy of men are the constant sources of beauty. To extol the one and give voice to the other are the aims to which art aspires"—must come as a mild surprise to anyone who has spent a good deal of time over the problems of aesthetics. But the concluding paragraph, read in the light of what has intervened, will surprise no one. Thus it begins:

> In conclusion, the hope may be expressed that the book will stimulate thoughts that will be found of value to the manufacturers and artists, as well as to those who buy their products. If there is any ground upon which one might venture to expect that it would achieve this aim, it is the heartening fact that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been graciously pleased to provide it with a Foreword.

No: it did not surprise me in the least. Nevertheless, I claim from the editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION not only my reviewer's fee but a prize of five shillings as well.

CLIVE BELL

SPLENDOUR AND WRETCHEDNESS

Germany in the Eighteenth Century. By W. H. BRUFORD. *Cambridge.* 15*s.*

Mr. Bruford sub-titles his book, "The Social Background of the Literary Revival," and as such it fulfils, with the utmost skill, a crying need. For, though we have had lives of the great classical writers and purely literary criticisms of their work, as well as translations of the more important memoirs of the day, such as those of Wilhelmine of Bayreuth, a comprehensive survey of the extremely intricate and hazardous social system which was

responsible for them has so far been lacking. For the fact is that when people think of eighteenth-century Germany at all (and that, I believe, is seldom), the figure of Frederick the Great instantly looms up and fills most of the canvas. With the highly intelligent help of Mr. Bruford, this mistake should no longer remain possible. His admirably arranged book begins with a general survey of the system of government which crystallised after the end of the Thirty Years War, then takes us in detail through the lives of the Courts, the country and the towns, separating into its essential elements a system that is otherwise too complexly interrelated for clear understanding; and ends with a brief and well-considered review of the literature produced by this system—a review that at last makes clear much that must always have seemed curious and capricious and confused in aim to the student of that literature.

To begin with, it is of first importance to realise the appallingly disastrous results of the Thirty Years War on the social life of central Europe, a region in which the only elements of union had already been destroyed by the struggle with the Papacy. Protracted, if desultory, devastation of the countryside, prolonged insecurity, looting, burning and the last brutalities on the part of a mercenary *soldatesca* culled from the dregs of the population and, for the most part, cynically uninformed by anything in the nature of an ideal aim: these were the elements that combined to make the most frightful war in history; and it is not therefore surprising to find that the social system which succeeded it united the haphazard methods of government of the Holy Roman Empire with a curiously gawky attempt at civilisation reposing on injustice and waste. As elsewhere in Europe, extremes of wealth and of poverty were the order of the day, but these were aggravated in Germany by the relatively lower degree of civilisation obtaining there, in comparison with England or France. The system of small principalities, the Divine Right of whose rulers had been greatly reinforced by the influence of Luther, resulted in a life more sumptuous and elaborate than even the court of Versailles; whole towns seem to have existed with the sole object of performing an enormously complicated official ballet; trade and general culture were necessarily thrust into the background. Of Vienna itself we read: "Out of a total population of about 260,000 (in 1795) there were 3,253 members of the aristocracy, 6,000 lackey and 34,000 other servants"; and Vienna was no exception to the rule. The elaboration of titles was fantastic, the etiquette exorbitant, the preoccupation with quarterings so great that even a Bourbon princess was considered (owing to her "bourgeois" Medici blood) insufficiently armigerous to be received into one of the grander German convents. When the concomitant of such fantasies is a great increase in civilisation, manners, art and science (as in seventeenth-century France), the wastefulness of the system may have some justification; but for the greater number of German courts in the eighteenth century no such excuse can be urged. Even in the immediate neighbourhood of the prince, the veneer of manners was ludicrously thin, and what lay beneath is scarcely distinguishable from barbarism. The memoirs of the Margravine of Bayreuth, for instance, are a dismaying epic of sheer, unexampled *unkindness*, with Wilhelmine as a sort of latter-day Duchess of Malfi. Education, until the rise to prominence of the professional classes in the second half of the century, was a very perfunctory affair, literature almost wholly unregarded, and even in the fine arts, in which the nobility did most to justify its existence, it was really "no more creative than an American millionaire." Francomania was in everything the order of the day, and it required the advent of such men as Klopstock, Lessing and Herder to start the movement in favour of a more distinctively national art.

The condition of the peasants, at the hands of absentee landlords who preferred to spend their time at the various courts, was hardly distinguishable from serfdom, whatever their legal rights may have been. They were the only class to pay taxes (and they paid them twice over—to the landlord and to the prince); their crops were spoilt by teeming game which they were not allowed to destroy; they were continually harassed by the tyrannous *Kabinetts-justiz*, from which there was in practice no appeal; and they were liable to be sold to other countries as soldiers by their landlords. Where the despot happened to be really benevolent—as, for example, in the case of Karl August of Weimar, Goethe's patron—these evils were considerably mitigated by advantages that have always attached to the patriarchal type of government; but these cases were all too rare.

When we turn to the great Free Towns, like Frankfurt, or Hamburg and the other towns of the Hanseatic league, all of which

ESTATE DUTIES *by instalments*

IN THESE post-war years Estate Duty has become more productive to the Exchequer and more onerous to those who benefit under a Will.

The necessities of the national finances are such that there would appear little likelihood of this particular burden of taxation being lightened.

There is, however, a way of escape for those who wish to pass on, unimpaired, the savings of a life-time or inherited wealth.

By means of a Prudential Life Assurance Policy the Estate Duty, likely to be payable, can be provided by comparatively small yearly instalments. This method obviates also the probability of forced sales of land or securities.

Also, arrangements may be made whereby the Duty can be paid direct to the Inland Revenue, out of the money due under the policy, BEFORE PROBATE IS OBTAINED.

The completion of the coupon below commits you to nothing. But it may lead to peace of mind for yourself and the gratitude of those you wish to benefit.

To The

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE Co. Ltd.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1

I desire particulars of a Whole Life Policy which will ensure the payment at death of £.....

Age next birthday.....

NAME.....
(*Mr., Mrs. or Miss*)

ADDRESS.....

.....

N.S.26.1.35. 367

increased vastly in wealth and culture at the hands of the growing middle class, a very different spectacle presents itself. Though hardly less adversely affected by the Thirty Years War than the country districts, they managed to recuperate more rapidly than these. The lack of a central authority led to a rivalry between the towns that has persisted down to the present day and has been responsible for preserving their vitality. The guild system, with its curious feature of wandering apprentices (their descendants may be seen to-day in the *Handwerksburschen* and *Wandervögel*), survived far into the eighteenth century, but was gradually broken down by more progressive methods as the bourgeoisie became conscious of themselves as the backbone of the country.

Here it was, then—in the Free towns and the Universities, which had risen in importance with the growing influence of the professional class (lawyers, doctors)—that Goethe and Schiller found the audience which was eventually to raise them to greatness and whose new aspirations they were to end by voicing. Their task was far from being an easy one. It was, as Mr. Bruford puts it, " to find an ideal for the middle class " ; and at first there must have seemed little enough to go upon. Hence the somewhat frigid classicism of many of the subjects they chose. The lack of " national " subjects combined with the disunited nature of society to produce, as Mr. Bruford so acutely notes, a literature of solitaries, in contrast to the eminently *social* art of the French. These writers took their inspiration from books rather than from experience ; but the result was a literature that was liberal and cosmopolitan in the best sense of those words. On the strength of the classical German writers Mr. Bruford has some excellent words, which I will quote :

> It is not surprising that the educated middle class responded more readily than any other section of society to the writers of the great age of German literature, such as Herder, Goethe and Schiller, with their ideal of " Humanität," in which an attempt was made to reconcile the respective claims of morality, religion, art and philosophy to be the supreme value, and if any class can be said to have evoked this philosophy of life by its need of it, it was this educated section of the middle class.

But it was an aim which has never quite been attained. " The Liberals of 1848 were still fighting for a Germany worthy of Goethe, Schiller and Kant," and now they have lost the battle once again. Wise and deeply imaginative as was their synthesis, it was not one that gave hostages to " private " truth, nor sanctions to those who have woven the vast and barbarous day-dream in which Germany is at present indulging. That is no doubt why Goethe is now treated with disrepect there. How long, O Lord, how long . . . ?

But time is up, and I have done much less than justice to the mass of fascinating and well-selected information contained in a book which it would be hard to over-praise. It may also be added that the author has contrived to give an exceedingly amusing and vivid picture of the everyday life of the period—a most valuable adjunct to a history of this kind. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

JANUARY MURDERS

Three Act Tragedy. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Case of the Howling Dog. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Puzzle of the Silver Persian. By STUART PALMER. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Toll-House Murder. By ANTHONY WYNNE. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Death in a Little Town. By R. C. WOODTHORPE. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Man with Bated Breath. By JOSEPH B. CARR. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

January is a good month for detective stories. They generally come in spate after Christmas, and, no matter how many there may be, our gloomy climate conduces to reading them all with avidity. What could be more soothing than to draw the curtains against fog and rain, and then settle down at the fireside with the latest Agatha Christie ! For Mrs. Christie can be trusted, as Trollope was by our grandparents, to turn out at least one book a year up to her own impeccable standard. *Three Act Tragedy* has given scope for all her art. The power to wrap up clues in the easiest, most natural conversation ; the choice of contrasting characters, each outlined with just sufficient sharpness to give them all individuality ; the steady pulse of events in chapter after chapter, the originality of the murder plot itself, and the dramatic suspense of the solution held up until the latest possible minute ; these are the characteristics of a Christie novel in the Roger Ackroyd tradition, and it is here that *Three Act Tragedy* takes its place in the succession, a worthy descendant of *Lord Edgware Dies.* For fear of spoiling anyone's pleasure I must not give a single detail of the plot. But nothing could be more baffling to any reader or detective than the opening crime ; the most harmless and inconspicuous figure at a dinner party takes a cocktail at random from the tray being handed round by the parlour-maid, drinks, and drops dead. Even Poirot could find nothing to suggest foul play, and *he* had taken a glass from the same tray himself. Yet that was Act I, Scene I of the tragedy, only I must leave Poirot and Mrs. Christie to play it out.

The Howling Dog and the Persian Cat savour of American authorship ; and sad experience prompts a suspicion that these animals will have performed their function in the stories once they have decorated the dust-cover. The suspicion in this case would be most unjust. Both in *The Case of the Howling Dog* and *The Puzzle of the Silver Persian* the animal world provides the superhuman element which leads Perry Mason and Hildegarde Withers to solve their respective cases. Perry Mason, as those who have already read Mr. Gardner's *Case of the Lucky Legs* will remember, is a New York criminal lawyer, specialising in murder trials, who not only invariably obtains an acquittal for his clients in Court, but manages to solve the complicated crimes they are charged with in an alternative but eminently satisfactory way both for the New York Police and Mr. Gardner's readers. A client in a great state of agitation comes to consult Perry Mason one day about a dog which howls next door. Within twenty-four hours the client has disappeared, and the next door neighbour and his dog are both found dead with an automatic beside them when Perry Mason goes to keep an appointment. Mr. Gardner allows us to identify the hand that fired the shots half-way through the book ; but it is a great tribute to his power of dramatic writing that our secret knowledge is never allowed to impair the satisfaction to be got from watching Perry Mason outwit the police.

There can be no lack of excitement in a plot wherein a killer is at work, and excitement is just what Mr. Stuart Palmer achieves in *The Puzzle of the Silver Persian* at the expense of consistency and the decencies of English life. For nothing could be more outrageous to our sense of propriety than to watch Hildegarde Withers, a wretched spinster amateur detective from New England on her first trip abroad, ringing up Scotland Yard at all hours of the day to give advice and get information. On the ship coming over, a young girl disappears without a sound from the boat-deck after a silly practical joke has been played on her. One after another, after their arrival in England, the persons who had had any part in that joke receive extracts from the girl's diary anonymously and are bumped off. But Hildegarde survived to run the killer down—and, I hope, to take the next boat back to Boston.

Mr. Anthony Wynne's murderers always achieve physical impossibilities. Last time it was a man stabbed galloping a horse across an empty field ; this time a man is stabbed in a closed saloon car in freshly fallen snow, with not a footprint within a hundred yards of him. Actually I rather resent the *tour de force* by which the mystery of *The Toll-House Murder* is explained, but it would be ungracious to let this detract from my appreciation of the best work of Mr. Wynne's that I have yet read. There is a cohesion in this plot, which was not always apparent in his previous writing ; and the formidable sequence of deaths that followed the shipping magnate's demise in the snow has a logical basis and a plausible explanation.

When the unpopular *nouveau riche* owner of Chesworth Park was chopped dead with a spade the night the Chesworth citizens chose to enforce their right of way across the Park, there were plenty of people who had the opportunity and the inclination for such drastic action. Which of them actually wielded the spade is the problem set by Mr. Woodthorpe in *Death In A Little Town,* but the background of provincial society in Sussex is really more congenial to his gift as a novelist : the crime is only an incident in the cross-currents of local gossip and intrigue, which he notes down with such malicious gusto. In *The Man With Bated Breath* the mountainous Oceola Archer unravels an impossible mass-murder in the hinterland of Georgia (U.S.A.). I have no patience with this gluttonous monster, and the affectations of Mr. Carr's prose render my prolonged acquaintance with his hero almost unendurable. RALPH PARTRIDGE

The Development of Chocolate as a Food

The History of CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE *since* 1928

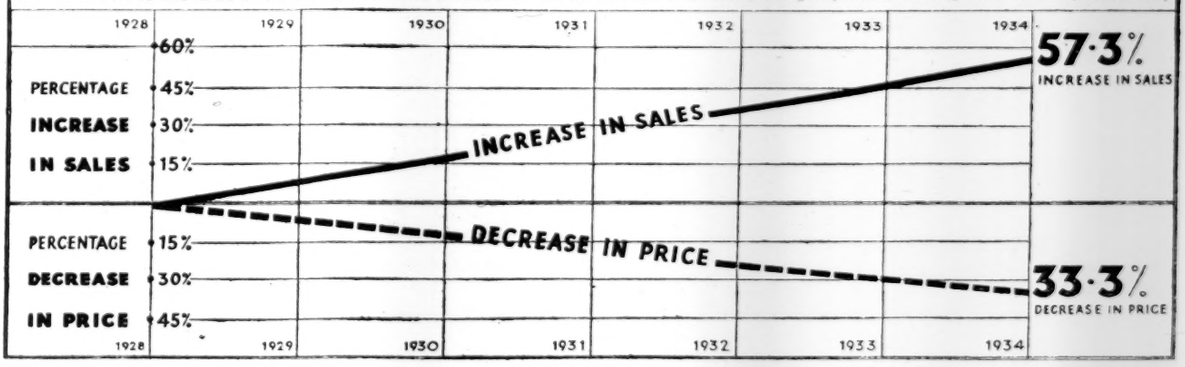
A few years ago chocolate was regarded as a luxury to be enjoyed eagerly on special occasions only. To-day it is known as a valuable food and is taken regularly — and still with eagerness — by everyone. *Cadburys Milk Chocolate has been closely identified with this development in two ways:*

It is made from fresh, full-cream milk, sugar, and selected Empire cocoa beans: these all have a high food value.

With this high value goes a low price, for it is Cadburys policy always to give the public the full savings from falling markets and more efficient manufacturing. For the same quality ½-lb. block of Milk Chocolate which was 1/- in 1928, the consumer now pays 8d.

These two factors—high food value and low price—have appealed strongly to the public in a period of depression. The sales of Cadburys Milk Chocolate in 1934 were 57.3% more than in 1928; and they are still increasing. Milk is a vitally important ingredient in Cadburys Milk Chocolate (and other Bournville products); a glass and a half of full-cream milk is concentrated in every ½-lb. Milk block. In 1928 Cadburys bought 8,850,000 gallons of milk; in 1934 they bought 14,750,000 gallons of milk — all from British farms.

GRAPH SHOWING INCREASE IN SALES AND DECREASE IN PRICE OF CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE *during the period 1928-1934 (½lb. block taken as price standard)*



ISSUED BY CADBURY BROTHERS LTD., BOURNVILLE, ENGLAND

MURDER MOST FOUL

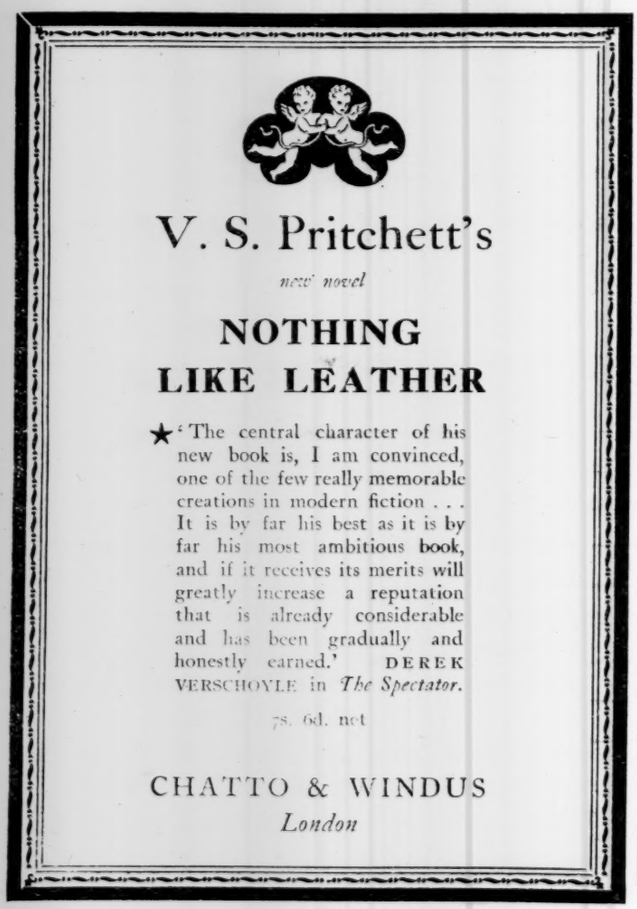
The Scandal of Sophie Dawes. By MARJORIE BOWEN. *Lane.* 15s.

Among the many embarrassments which the King of the French had to face at the beginning of his reign, none could have caused him more acute anxiety than the death, under highly suspicious circumstances, of the Prince de Condé, on August 27th, 1830. It was at once suggested that the last of the Condés had been murdered by his mistress, Madame de Feuchères alias Sophie Dawes, the daughter of an English smuggler; and there were ugly rumours to the effect that the King himself was interested in preventing any inquiry which would throw too much light on the affair. There can be no doubt that Louis Philippe was deeply involved in a most discreditable intrigue with Sophie over the question of the Prince's will. Letters from the King, hysterical and beyond words indiscreet, were in the lady's possession. The trial of Madame de Feuchères on a charge of murder, for which there was every justification in law, would in all probability have led to the immediate downfall of the Bourgeois Monarchy. On the eve of the publication of an inquiry by the examining magistrate, M. de la Huproye, the Attorney-General flatly informed him that his report, for reasons of State, must be suppressed. Sophie, hissed at the Opéra, barred from every *salon* in Paris, was nevertheless received at the Palais Royal. The inference was obvious at the time. It has remained for Miss Bowen to reconstruct, most ably, the fascinating but squalid details of this crime.

There is a legend to the effect that the Prince won Miss Dawes from the Duke of Kent at a hand of cards. (Another story, that he raised her from the position of chambermaid in a brothel to that of royal mistress, is as credible if less romantic.) On the accession of Louis XVIII the Prince was recalled from exile, and left Sophie behind him; and he remained, for some time, deaf to her lamentations. But the lady was nothing if not determined. She settled in Paris, and at last received a visit from her old patron. Her vulgarity, her coarseness, her muscular charms seem once more to have enthralled the delicate and ageing nobleman, who fell ever deeper and deeper into her clutches—until at length, surrounded by her creatures, he was entirely at her mercy. As part of her campaign Sophie had posed as Condé's bastard daughter, and as such she had been able to effect a marriage with a M. de Feuchères. Owing to this marriage, and her supposed relationship to the Prince, she was received into the best Parisian society. If ever there was a snob it was Sophie.

But, alas, her husband discovered the real relationship between his wife and the Prince; and, being a man of delicate honour, at once, after an explosive scene, departed on active service for Algeria. The story soon got about; and while Mme. de Feuchères was still able to enjoy the wealth and company of her protector she was rigorously excluded from the society of the *élite*. At this point Sophie found it necessary to enlist the help of the Duc d'Orléans. Louis Philippe was the first Prince of the blood and, as such, might reasonably be expected to influence the Court to receive Sophie. A monstrous bargain was struck between the future King of the French and the smuggler's daughter. He was to bring about her reintroduction in high circles, while she undertook nothing less than the alteration of Condé's will in favour of the third son of Louis Philippe. Condé was a firm supporter of Charles X, whom he always regarded as an old friend and comrade-in-arms—and he had made out his vast fortune (less, of course, certain tit-bits for Sophie) in favour of Charles' grandson, who was in the direct line of succession. In order to gain her ends the muscular Mme. de Feuchères began to subject the old Prince to every conceivable form of pressure, and even on occasion resorted to physical torture. It was of more importance to her to be received back into society than that an old man, who had enormously benefited her during many years, should be allowed to end his days in peace. In these horrible proceedings Louis Philippe was as guilty as Sophie Dawes. Shortly after the will had been altered, Condé was found hanging in his room. Readers of Miss Bowen's authoritative investigation will be left in no doubt that he was murdered—and in no doubt why Sophie Dawes went scot free.

RICHARD STRACHEY


V. S. Pritchett's
new novel
NOTHING
LIKE LEATHER
★ 'The central character of his new book is, I am convinced, one of the few really memorable creations in modern fiction . . . It is by far his best as it is by far his most ambitious book, and if it receives its merits will greatly increase a reputation that is already considerable and has been gradually and honestly earned.' DEREK VERSCHOYLE in The Spectator.
7s. 6d. net
CHATTO & WINDUS
London

MARXISM

Essays on the History of Materialism. By GEORGE PLEKHANOV. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.

Aspects of Dialectical Materialism. By H. LEVY and OTHERS. *Watts.* 5s.

Marxism. By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY and OTHERS. *Chapman and Hall.* 5s.

Plekhanov's volume has long been known to students of Marxism; but though it is now almost forty years old, this is the first time it has been available in English dress. It contains three essays (admirably translated by Mr. Ralph Fox) on Holbach, Helvétius and Marx. The first two are better than the third, partly because they do more justice than is usual in the ordinary manuals to two very interesting men, and, partly also, because they "date" much less than the essay on Marx, on the nature and sources of whose ideas vital work has been done since Plekhanov wrote. Not, indeed, that any part of the book is now really satisfactory. Plekhanov only discussed a small part of Holbach's writings, and he did not make any serious attempt to discuss some of the most important historical questions to which he gives rise. The essay on Helvétius is more satisfactory, though, even here, a really systematic exposition is wanting. The book, in short, is suggestive, but it is hardly more.

The general interest in Marxism increases by leaps and bounds; and the two series of essays here discussed are symptomatic of that interest. The first is a reprint of lectures delivered to the Society for Promoting Cultural Relations with Russia. They are of very unequal value. Those of Professor Macmurray, and of Messrs. Fox and Page Arnot never seriously come to grips with their subject; they comment on episodes in their themes and lack coherency of treatment. Professor Levy, as always, is profoundly interesting if only because he succeeds in making clear why science, not less than any other part of knowledge, is socially and historically conditioned. But the best lectures in the book are those of Mr. J. D. Bernal and Mr. E. F. Cairitt. The latter states admirably the problems raised for the ordinary student of philosophy by the dialectical approach; and his analysis of its difficulties is exceptionally illuminating. Mr. Bernal's thirty compact pages are the best brief account of its subject known to me in English; while his answer to Mr. Cairitt's paper is most interesting as an index to the orthodox Communist mind. The

Preface to Peace

A Guide for the Plain Man by

Norman Angell

7s. 6d. net

Ego

The Autobiography of

James Agate

With 16 illustrations. 18s. net

HAMISH HAMILTON: PUBLISHER

"Mr. Gilbert Frankau's best work"—ETHEL MANNIN

GILBERT FRANKAU's

Three Englishmen

JAMES HILTON: "From first page to last a thoroughly effective piece of writing, and the best story its author has given us since 'Peter Jackson'... packed with careful observation and minute detail of things and places." (*Daily Telegraph*). 640 pp. **8/6**

"Daily Mail" Book of the Month

LADY ELEANOR SMITH's

Tzigane

DOUGLAS WEST: "A convincing, enjoyable, brilliantly constructed novel, with an admirable plot and immense force in every paragraph. It is an unqualified pleasure to read it." (*Daily Mail*). **7/6**

STEPHEN McKENNA's

Sole Death

A remarkable new novel by author of "Portrait of his Excellency," etc. *Ready to-day.* **7/6**

HUTCHINSON

A NEW PUBLICATION

The Fascist Quarterly

Vol. I. No. 1. Price 2/6

CONTENTS

The Philosophy of Fascism . Sir Oswald Mosley
Britain's Empire Shall Live . . . William Joyce
The Nazi Movement in Perspective . James Drennan
Corporate Economics . Alexander Raven Thompson
The Cancer of Europe . Major-General J. F. C. Fuller
Social Democracy in Decay . . . John Beckett
Corporate State or Crime State? A. K. Chesterton
Notes of the Quarter

Published January 20. Obtainable through all Newsagents or from B.U.F. Headquarters, 33 King's Road, S.W.3. ©

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE

says: "A New Deal for Britain"

The following books by leading American writers and economists show what President Roosevelt's New Deal has done and is doing to meet the situation in the United States.

In view of Mr. Lloyd George's important proposals, they should be read by all thinking men and women.

- **BEYOND THE NEW DEAL** by David Lawrence. 10/6 net
- **AN OUTLINE OF THE NEW DEAL LEGISLATION** by H. S. Piquet. 6/- net
- **THE ECONOMICS OF THE RECOVERY PROGRAMME.** 6/- net
- **AMERICA'S HOUR OF DECISION** by Glenn Frank. 12/6 net
- **DEPRESSION AND RECOVERY** by D. Yoder and G. R. Davies. 12/- net
- **BUSINESS UNDER THE RECOVERY ACT** by L. Valenstein and E. B. Weiss. 8/6 net
- **LABOUR RELATIONS UNDER THE RECOVERY ACT** by Tead and Metcalf. 8/6 net

Of all Booksellers

McGRAW-HILL PUBLISHING CO., LTD.
Aldwych House London, W.C.2

critic cannot help feeling that he exaggerates the differences with his opponent, and that he is too eager to attack where he would have been more helpful if he had been willing to expound. But the debate is really helpful, and deserves to be widely read.

The last volume is a series of four lectures delivered last year under the auspices of the *Adelphi*, and is published with some additions. I do not think Mr. Middleton Murry's blend of a personal philosophy with some Marxian phrases has really anything to do with Marxism at all. Professor Macmurray is more clear than in the other series to which he contributed, but he does not succeed in driving his points home. Mr. Holdaway is clear and precise, but he hardly touches on the difficulties which Marx creates for orthodox economists. Mr. Cole's lecture is the outstanding contribution to the volume. It is compact, pungent and full of stout common sense. For it alone the volume is worth while reading.

H. J. LASKI

THE FORGOTTEN EMPIRE BUILDER

Sir George Goldie: Founder of Nigeria. A Memoir by DOROTHY WELLESLEY. With a historical introduction by STEPHEN GWYNN. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This is an interesting book which raises some interesting problems. It has its faults, the chief being a lack of unity. This is of real importance because it thereby fails to offer a satisfactory answer to the most interesting problem raised by it—why is Goldie an almost forgotten empire builder? The book is all but equally divided between its two authors, Mr. Gwynn's historical introduction being in fact rather longer than Lady Gerald Wellesley's memoir. The two do not really fit well together. As a mere introduction supplying the historical background to a personal memoir Mr. Gwynn's part is too long, while it is too short to deal adequately with the problem mentioned above. As a personal memoir Lady Gerald Wellesley's part is extremely good. She has adopted an unceremonious method of drawing a character and portrait which is singularly successful. She sometimes makes the personality of Goldie so clear that one can almost taste the flavour of it. Her acquaintance began with him when she was a child of ten and he a man of fifty-five, with his main lifework already behind him. They were friends from the start, for there was between them a bond of intellectual understanding and sympathy unaffected by differences of age, sex, and occupation. That friendship persisted for many years, and Lady Gerald Wellesley's memoir is a memorial to it; in a disconnected series of vignettes and records of conversations she makes us realise Goldie's character, his view of life, and something of those abilities which enabled him to acquire Nigeria for the British Empire.

It would be very easy to write an interesting review of this book merely by quoting from these vignettes and conversations, but we do not propose to do so, partly because it would unfairly spoil the book for the reader, and partly because something ought to be said about the problem which both Mr. Gwynn and Lady Gerald Wellesley continually refer to: why has the recognition of Goldie's empire building fallen so far short of that of, say, Rhodes? Lady Gerald Wellesley clearly thinks that her friend's memory has been unfairly treated, and the object of her memoir is largely to redress the balance. Goldie's case is indeed a very curious one. The acquisition of Nigeria as British territory was almost entirely due to him. His was the hand that directed the operations of the National African Company and later of the Royal Niger Company, and but for those operations the British flag would almost certainly not be flying over that vast African empire. But when in 1898 the British Government took over the administration of the territory from Goldie's Company, paying a sum of £850,000 for their rights, he retired into private life at the age of fifty-two and for the last twenty-seven years of his life took no part in imperial affairs in West Africa. The West African system of Crown Colony government, with its reliance upon indirect rule, was therefore established by other hands, and others got the credit for it, notably Lord Lugard, though Lady Gerald Wellesley maintains that in its main lines it had already been created by Goldie. The founder of Nigeria, therefore, dropped into the background of history, and no one would think now of saying that Sir George Taubman Goldie was peer of Cecil Rhodes in empire building. The real explanation of this injustice to Goldie's fame—if it is injustice—and of his dropping out of the limelight is, we think, overlooked by both Mr. Gwynn and Lady Gerald Wellesley. Goldie in the years of his activity was, or, as Mr. Gwynn says, was reputed to be, a hard man, a "strong man," and "there was no uncertainty about his determination to dominate those who came into contact with him for any purpose connected with his work." In 1897 he crossed the path of a man as strong and dominating as himself—Joseph Chamberlain, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. There was a struggle between the two; Goldie was beaten and that determined his place in the Pantheon of imperialism. The facts are given in Mr. Garvin's *Life of Chamberlain*. In 1897 Chamberlain had made up his mind to counteract French operations in West Africa by a forward move on a considerable scale, and he was organising a new corps—the West African Frontier Force. But time pressed and he wanted immediate action. He asked Goldie to lend assistance with the Royal Niger Company's forces. Goldie "refused to take the responsibility of weakening his limited forces in his own sphere by co-operating outside it unless the future of his Chartered Company were guaranteed." Chamberlain, rightly or wrongly, thought that the British Government was being blackmailed by the head of a chartered commercial company, as is shown by the following letter which he wrote to Lord Selborne:

> Now Goldie seems refractory and practically refuses to move. . . . I should like to tell him that the British Government do not understand the contract with the Company as he does, nor do they agree that he is to take all the profits and that we are to spend hundreds of thousands, or possibly millions, in securing his claims against the French, and that he is then to step in and enjoy without cost all the security that we have gained for him.
>
> If this is his view our best course will be to expropriate him, lock, stock and barrel, paying the capital value of his property but allowing nothing for goodwill or future profits, since these are altogether dependent on the expeditions we are to make. In fact I should take a very high hand with him, and tell him that in this crisis he must be with us or against us, and that we cannot allow him to dictate terms.

Goldie did not supply the troops and Chamberlain carried out his threat. The Company was expropriated, lock, stock and barrel, and with the Company went Sir George Goldie. They were paid the bare capital value of their property, and at the time many people—including those who had no love for Chartered Companies—not having access to this letter of the stronger of the two strong men, were amazed that the Conservative Government treated the Royal Niger Company so much less generously than other similar profit-making, patriotic concerns had been treated in similar circumstances. There can be no doubt that Goldie was terribly piqued and disappointed. The incident not only explains why he failed to emulate Rhodes and has therefore passed into a comparative oblivion, it is also of real interest to the student of economic imperialism. It shows the inconvenience in trying to combine profit-making with patriotism.

ENGLISH VILLAGES

English Villages and Hamlets. By HUMPHREY PAKINGTON. With a Foreword by E. V. KNOX. Illustrated from Drawings by S. R. JONES and Photographs by WILL S. TAYLOR. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

There are thirteen thousand villages in England, and it has been Mr. Humphrey Pakington's hobby to visit as many as he possibly can; not merely to coldly add numbers to his list, but to satisfy a connoisseurship in village architecture and personality. He appears indeed to be an enthusiastic collector of villages as another man may be a keen collector of postage stamps, china, or prints.

All over the country this village enthusiast has wandered; directing himself sometimes by guide books, and sometimes merely by finger posts. These last have often diverted his course; for nomenclature has a great attraction for him, and when he sees that a road or lane leads to "Broughton Poggs" or to "Red Marly d'Abbitot" or to "Twineham and Wineham" or to "Little Ann" or to "Indian Queens" or to "Goosey," he cannot help going out of his way to have a look at these oddly named places, though often thrown off the scent of a good village by so doing.

The author is not quite so good at classifying and arranging a collection as he is at finding his specimens; but he confesses, himself, that he has been hard put to it to find the best arrangement for his short volume. He first discarded an alphabetical order; next, the arranging of his villages by "type," and after a good many digressions, at last we discover that he has decided on "something approaching a geological arrangement."

The reader will not be able to trace out this plan very clearly, but roughly he may be said to have gone off on a geologising expedition

Twenty-six weekly *doses!*

¶ There has been such a gratifying response to the offer I made in December that I propose to repeat it If *every* present reader would give only one of these subscriptions to a friend, schemes that are now dreams might materialise! You will note that we go two-thirds of the way to help you. Here is our offer.

¶ So long as the friends selected by you are not, as far as you know, already buying the paper, we will post it to them for six months at the inclusive charge of FIVE SHILLINGS. This is only one-third the usual rate, but our experience proves that new readers introduced by old readers are most likely to continue on their own account. We are therefore willing to forgo two-thirds of the usual six-monthly rate (which is fifteen shillings) and you may give as many of these FIVE SHILLING introductory subscriptions as you wish. The 5*s.* includes postage to any address.

¶ CONDITIONS: The only conditions we must make are (1) that the recipient is not, to your knowledge, already buying the paper and (2) that you propose yourself to continue buying the paper as hitherto for the next six months.

Send us a list of your friends to whom you wish to give these special 5s. subscriptions (enclosing 5s. for each) and we will advise each recipient that the paper is being sent at your request, unless you instruct us not to do so.

Address to the Publisher, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

BARCLAYS BANK

LIMITED.

WILLIAM FAVILL TUKE, Chairman.
EDWIN FISHER, Deputy Chairman.
HUGH EXTON SEEBOHM, } Vice-Chairmen.
WILLIAM MACNAMARA GOODENOUGH, }
General Managers: A. W. TUKE, W. O. STEVENSON, N. S. JONES.
Foreign General Manager: B. J. FOSTER.

Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1934.

	£	£
LIABILITIES.		
Current, Deposit and other Accounts, including Reserve for Income Tax and Contingencies and Balance of Profit and Loss	368,850,884	
Balances in Account with Subsidiary Banks	11,242,875	
		380,093,759
Acceptances and Endorsements, &c., for account of Customers		7,205,554
Paid-up Capital		15,858,217
Reserve Fund		10,250,000
ASSETS.		
Cash in hand, and with the Bank of England		46,809,954
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection		11,889,908
Money at Call and Short Notice		25,837,900
Bills Discounted		47,572,778
Investments		103,242,464
Investments in Subsidiary Banks (at cost, *less* amounts written off):—		
The British Linen Bank—£1,238,744 Stock		3,716,232
Union Bank of Manchester Limited—300,000 Shares of £5 each, £2 10s. paid		750,000
Other Subsidiary Banks—(including fully paid Shares and 500,000 "B" Shares of £5 each, £1 per Share paid up, in Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) and 1,000,000 Shares of £1 each, 5s. per share paid up, in Barclays Bank (France) Limited)		2,755,143
Advances to Customers and other Accounts		155,979,234
Liability of Customers for Acceptances and Endorsements, &c.		7,205,554
Bank Premises and Adjoining Properties (at cost, *less* amounts written off)		7,648,363

HEAD OFFICE:

54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

Over 2,090 Branches in England and Wales.

when conducted, first to the villages of the Home Counties, then to the south-west, then to East Anglia and on to "the Stone Belt," then to "the Red Brick," last to the "Black and White."

Altogether *English Villages and Hamlets* though intelligently collected and fascinating in its subject, is a little marred by vagueness, and scantiness of information.

"Behind the trees rises the squat tower of the little church which is built on a hillock to overlook the village, though *Bishop Burton* (Yorkshire) looks far too good a village to need surveillance" is a typical account of a church and place; and although one must remember that the author has told us he is not writing an actual guide book, the work would have been a stronger one had there been more historical and archaeological information; and fewer scenic and idiosyncratic observations on villages and the countryside. But this is a book that people devoted to outdoor photography should not miss, for how charming is Mr. Pakington's collection of pictures of villages (many of them set in landscapes) throughout the country. These have mostly been photographed by Mr. Will Taylor, who shows a beautiful sense of proportion, light and shade, and of the picturesque.

A learner with a camera could not do better than have a long look at these photographs.

Altogether the names and the pictures set one dreaming of a good village in which to spend a sleepy holiday sometimes; oneself the sole stranger? If one could have the luck to find quiet unsophisticated lodgings—"just there, with that upper window looking into the branches of the horse chestnut tree" or "in that cottage at the turn of the lane that winds up on to the Moor" one thinks—"just to keep quiet in a corner in—without expecting any very extraordinary pleasure—but free, for a while, from the ghastly worries of the town!"

SHORTER NOTICES

Some Relations Between Political and Economic Theory. By G. D. H. COLE. *Macmillan.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

This brief essay says with the directness and pungency we expect from Mr. Cole some things that badly needed saying. One of the peculiar results of English state practice in the nineteenth century was a divorce between economics and politics, considered as intellectual disciplines, which has done grave damage to both, and particularly to the former. Mr. Cole here considers how the separation came about and some of its consequences. He rightly insists that most economists reach results which take for granted the assumptions of capitalism, with the consequence that the importance of the initial hypothesis altogether escapes analysis. The same thing is true of much of that political discussion which seeks to be scientific by refusing to discuss values and confines itself to a comparison of institutions. Mr. Cole points out that no adequate conclusions can be reached in the social sciences save in terms of a philosophy of history, on the one hand, and an adequate psychology on the other. His little book hardly does more than hint at the outline of a solution. But it will serve a valuable purpose if it does no more than call attention to the relation between the thinker and the environment out of which his ideas are born.

Pilgrim Father. By GUY K. AUSTIN. *Bles.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Finding that in post-war England the amenities of life, including the education of children, could not be secured at pre-war standards with an income of seven or eight hundred a year, Mr. Austin, with his wife and children, emigrated to the United States; landing there at the very moment when the exuberant prosperity of "God's own country" crashed about the ears of the astonished inhabitants. Fortunately for Mr. Austin he had a small capital and more important, a small and safe private income, so with some exciting experiences he weathered the storm. Incidentally to his own story he gives us one of the best practical studies of America, and the Americans, that have been published; a study that can be commended to all who think of making it their home, as first hand and first rate.

The Complete Book of British Butterflies. By F. W. FROHAWK. *Ward, Lock.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Frohawk has written an excellent book of reference. It will enable the naturalist to identify every British butterfly, under whatever conditions he may happen to see it. Coloured plates, also most admirably produced by Mr. Frohawk, illustrate each insect in all stages of development—*ovum*, *larva*, *pupa* and *imago*, or in plain English, egg, caterpillar, chrysalis and adult butterfly; the varying aspects displayed on the wing and at rest are shown in every case. The text comprises an adequate and concise description of the life history and distribution of all British species, and special chapters are devoted to protective resemblance, migration, and collecting and rearing. There is information for the advanced entomologist and instruction for the schoolboy collector in the pages of this book, for which every lover of nature, whether in town or country, should find a place on his shelves.

The Saar at First Hand. By THEODOR BALK. *Lane.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This is competent reporting by an inquirer who does not disguise his own sympathies, but who took the trouble to interview people of all types in the Saar before the plebiscite and to give a fair account of their views and attitude. We have interviews with Pirro, the Nazi leader, with Countess Von Roedern, the cleverest of the Nazi propagandists in the Saar, and with Röchling, the toughest of the Saar industrial dictators, as well as with Max Braun, with Pfordt, the Communist leader, and with priests, peasants, and workers of many types. The book is not at all profound, and it is written with intention to damage the Nazis; but it does so with some effect by the quite justifiable method of quoting what they themselves say and do.

About Motoring

SCHOOLS, ROADS AND SAFETY

FEW impartial observers hope to see any slashing reduction in road accidents during 1935. We have armed a Minister with powers approaching those of a Mussolini so far as our road laws are concerned, and the present Minister is at least a man of ideas. But traffic experts expect very little from pedestrian crossings, or driving tests, or speed limits. Congestion, the root cause of accidents, will continue to increase. In this impasse attention may be drawn to an obvious gap in our educational system. In a comparatively few schools the youth of the nation is being educated to use the roads. In others nothing at all is being done. The other day I visited a large girls' school, which annually turns out fifty young women of the car-owning class. Its curriculum includes almost every imaginable subject, aesthetic, theoretic or practical. But it never makes even the tiniest endeavour to equip these young women to be safe on the roads. The majority of them begin driving as soon as they reach the legal age, and a majority of them immediately graduate as car owners. Within a mile of my house there is a huge secondary school with departments for boys and girls, each containing over 200 pupils. Most of these children own and ride bicycles. Again, nothing is done to warn them of the dangers of the road, or to educate them to be safe cyclists. In both establishments a weekly lesson on Safety First principles would grip their attention far more closely than instruction in—let us say—French or algebra. Children adore films, and love toys. The equipment of both establishments should obviously include a cinema hall. The Board of Education, in co-operation with the National Safety First Association, could rapidly produce a library of short films illustrating all the basic principles of road lore. In handicraft centres a supply of models could be produced at small cost to hammer home the same lessons. Special blackboards, painted with the various forms of road junction, blind, open, and semi-blind, utilised in conjunction with pin-on models of cars, cycles and walkers, would stimulate the imagination to grapple with actual problems when the pupil graduates as a cyclist or motorist. So far as I know, no annual prize-giving in the country includes any awards for knowledge of safety-first principles. If we are really in earnest in our ostensible desire to safeguard life on the roads, there is no reason why such education should not be made more definitely practical by grafting on to school curricula some of the tests experimented with by the National Institute of Psychology. The requisite apparatus is not necessarily expensive.

Our present policy may be summarised as insane. We hurl each year on to the roads literally millions of new and untrained road users, inclusive of the small children who graduate as solitary walkers for the first time, the smaller number who buy their first bicycles, the still smaller number who take the helm of a car for the first time, and the even smaller numbers who drive horses or take cattle down the lanes. We give none of them any education whatsoever for pursuits which are more dangerous than piloting aeroplanes, though during 1935 new motorists must undergo a brief theoretic examination in the Highway Code, and pass a few very simple and elementary tests, few of which are directly concerned with the element of danger. Having thus injected this perilous stream into our road arteries, we proceed to bully and punish these innocent and untutored duffers, fining some, committing others to prison, and robbing others of their livelihood by suspending or withdrawing their licences. We commit this injustice with a class discrimination, for we normally regard pedestrians, cyclists and owners of animals as blameless, although quite a high percentage of them are quite as guilty within their restricted opportunities as any motorist can ever be.

In a saner state we should obviously educate our road users before we allowed them to use the roads at all. The opportunity

FACTS OF LIFE

BOOKS which supply knowledge of the facts of Life, and provide answers and explanations to the many problems with which we are all confronted, are a necessity to every man and woman. In this announcement are included, on a variety of subjects, some of the most popular of the Vital Books published by this company. The reason for their popularity and success is apparent. They are sound, practical works, of definite educational value, by authors of repute.

SOCIOLOGY AND SEX EDUCATION

The Popular "Beale" Books.

WISE WEDLOCK (Birth Control). Over 100,000 sold. A most complete book on Birth Control 6/4

SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE Dr. Beale's latest work. A remarkable book of revelation ... 6/4

WOMAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE An entirely new **practical** book which will prove of inestimable value to every woman. "Modern Woman" says—Middle aged women will find much to help them... ... ... 5/3

MARRIAGE: BEFORE AND AFTER Full of important information and advice... ... ... 1/2

THE PERFECT WIFE A book which every woman should read 1/2

THE COMPLETE HUSBAND A wonderful book of advice for the Husband—Actual and Prospective 1/2

SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY. By Dr. R. T. TRALL. The most illuminating book ever published and the only Authentic illustrated edition 13/-

SEX AND HUMAN NATURE. By BOSWELL KING. A series of remarkable studies on the psychological relationship of sex to human nature 15/6

THE ART OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE A popular book of guidance for young people 2/9

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY

KNOW THY BODY—THE WONDERS WITHIN US By MEDICUS, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., C.M. (2nd Edition) The most entertaining, stimulating physiology book ever written. Each chapter tells its own amazing story, each sentence is pregnant with information and interest. "A practical volume for the layman"—*Public Opinion* 3/9

NUDISM (SUN BATHING)

NAKED AND UNASHAMED. By WILLIAM WELBY. (3rd Edition). Treating the subject from the Historical, Moral, Health, Physiological, Aesthetic and Common Sense points of view. Beautifully illustrated. A recent review—Among the many books written on the subject, this volume deserves to rank high 3/9

PERSONALITY AND MENTAL CULTURE

PERSONALITY: ITS NATURE, ITS OPERATION, AND ITS DEVELOPMENT. By J. LOUIS ORTON. The Author explains exactly what personality is and how it achieves its ends. Personality can be cultivated, and, once achieved, rapidly changes one's aspect on life. This book shows how to Exert Your Personality—How to Build Personal Power 5/4

HYPNOTISM: THE FRIEND OF MAN. By J. LOUIS ORTON You are bound to be impressed by the sound logical exposition of this much misunderstood science. "The Literary Guide" says "... the work of an honest and competent observer who has a wide knowledge of his subject and well-founded belief in the efficacy of the methods he advocates" ... 5/4

THE MASTERY OF MIND. By Dr. J. C. FLOWER. Sound, practical philosophy is the keynote to this book, which contains an invaluable system of Mind Training 5/4

HEALTH CULTURE

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES. By H. BENJAMIN. The Author cured himself of rapidly approaching blindness, and has embodied his successful methods in this book for the benefit of all sufferers... ... ... 3/9

SLIMNESS AND HEALTH. By A. ARPLANALP. How "slimming" can be undertaken without danger to health is explained in this book. Suitable for both sexes and all ages. 64 illustrations 3/9

PHYSICAL CULTURE SIMPLIFIED. By W. R. LUCAS. With a Foreword by Sir Malcolm Campbell. Better Health and energy can be secured by adopting the System outlined in this book 3/9

THE CURE OF STAMMERING, STUTTERING, AND OTHER FUNCTIONAL SPEECH DISORDERS The simple non-operative means which have cured thousands are completely and clearly set out in this remarkably successful book 2/9

HOW TO REMEDY RHEUMATISM. By W. R. LUCAS. A little book which will be welcomed by thousands 1/2

HOW TO CONQUER CONSTIPATION. By W. R. LUCAS. This booklet will be universally quoted. A positive cure is contained therein 1/2

THE CURE OF INDIGESTION, AND OTHER DIGESTIVE DISORDERS. By W. R. LUCAS. In this work, all Digestive Troubles are dealt with and the highly successful methods practised by the Author are clearly set out 2/9

All Prices include Postage. These books can be obtained through your bookseller or direct from

THORSONS, Publishers

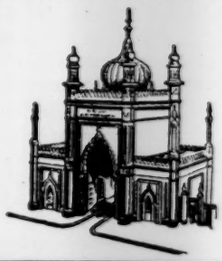
Dept. 169, 91 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Complete Catalogues free on request; also a copy of *Health and Vigour.*

I AM CONVINCED THAT DIGESTION IS THE GREAT SECRET OF LIFE—Sydney Smith.

If good food, well served, and an atmosphere of quiet repose will help the digestion . . . then this Hotel has found the great secret of life . . . for your enjoyment.

BLENHEIM HOTEL BRIGHTON



Opposite Pavilion Gardens. Close to sea and entertainments. The 60 Bedrooms have hot and cold water. The Hotel holds the R.A.C. Appointment, and terms are moderate. Illustrated tariff will gladly be sent on application to—

H. P. PENFOLD, *Resident Director*

110 YEARS OF SILENT SERVICE

SEND US YOUR SHARE

For 110 years the generosity of the British public has never failed the Life-Boat Service. Nor will you let it fail us now. It needs little more than one penny each year from every one of our population. Send what you can to-day.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

A new Shilling pamphlet!

SHAW-WELLS-KEYNES ON

STALIN-WELLS TALK
ONE SHILLING

48 pages—On Sale Everywhere

NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

is ready to our hand, and we refuse to take it. The National Safety First Association is doing what little it can with small funds. It engineers stunt weeks in various localities. The week ends, and the stunt is forgotten. But the schools of the country have the future road users of the nation massed under their roofs for periods varying from nine to twelve years. They have unlimited time at their disposal, and at present waste a great deal of that time. They command a great deal of money, and could spend much more money with true economy; for the statistics of hospitals and insurance companies furnish some data for the enormous waste engendered by the existing system, whilst no man may compute what the spiritual loss to the nation must be so long as hundreds are killed and thousands are injured each week.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 254

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for:

A Commination or Denouncing on the lines of "Cursed . . he who removeth his neighbour's land-mark," of ten notable pests of modern times.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, February 1st.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 252

Set by V. S. Pritchett

Before journalists got hold of them, the following phrases were thought fresh, vivid and alive. There ought to be some way of raising them from the dead either by slight alteration or by the substitution of new phrases equally idiomatic but more definitely of our life and times. Competitors are asked to try placing each phrase in a brief sentence. Americanisms will be disqualified.

(1) Robbing Peter to pay Paul.
(2) Between Scylla and Charybdis.
(3) Killing the goose that lays the golden egg.
(4) To cross the Rubicon.
(5) To cut the Gordian knot.
(6) To cleanse the Augean stables.
(7) To pour oil on the troubled waters.

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

A study of the many entries to this competition leads me to the cheerful conclusion—which perhaps I ought to have foreseen—that the best journalese is produced by journalists, and defies improvement. I may be tempted by "Little Billee" to "cut the Freudian knot," but in the end I know it will be the Gordian one that I shall take my knife to; "H.C.M." may tempt me to "plug the pump that yields the petrol," but I shall go on killing the goose that lays the golden egg. The strange thing was the alternative almost unanimously proposed for our old friend "Between Scylla and Charybdis"; nearly every competitor proposed variations on the theme of "Between the studs and the Beacon." One competitor even extended the theme to No. 4 ("to cross the Rubicon") and suggested "to cross the Belicon." For some reason nobody, except the talented reader who offered the phrase, "to tune out the atmospherics," suggested a really suitable alternative for "pouring oil on the troubled waters." I liked:

"To eat one's seed corn."
"Steer carefully between Belloc and Chesterton."
"To jump the traffic lights."
"To wash the stripes out of one's shirt."

There was some pleasant, but unfortunately not very relevant, wit, such as "Rearmament is the quickest way to cut the Neo-Georgian knot"; and (for "to pour oil on the troubled waters"): "To turn Broadcasting House into Stephen King's Hall." The problem of deciding the winners was one peculiar to this kind of competition. Practically every competitor achieved one or two winning phrases, but missed fire with the remainder. Some of the best things are, consequently, not in the winning entries, which are far from perfect, but seem to contain the highest average. The most original competitor was Mr. T. E. Casson, who drew entirely upon cricket for his metaphors. Being a non-cricketer, I was not convinced, and was, in fact, often mystified, but I suppose that such phrases as "to cut between the gully and the 'keeper'" (Scylla and Charybdis) and "to hit Pompey over the pavilion" (cross the Rubicon) might be popular with our sporting public. First prize, therefore, goes to Guy Innes, and second prize to E. M. O'Neill. But I am afraid they won't influence the Press.

FIRST PRIZE

(1) Working Taffy to warm Paddy
(Anglo-Irish coal and meat agreement).
(2) Between by-pass and bungalow.
(3) Killing our pigs to save our bacon.
(4) To bridge the Saar.
(5) To jam the wireless.
(6) To bleach the Blackshirts.
(7) To broadcast Roosevelt.

GUY INNES

SECOND PRIZE

(1) All we are doing is "taxing Peter to subsidise Paul."
(2) Europe trembles "between Fokker and Sapper."
(3) That fool is "smashing the valves to get at the music."
(4) In every life a moment comes when one must decide "to head one's plane over the Timor Sea."
(5) The thing to do here is "to dynamite the Yale lock."
(6) I'm expected "to build a Bournville on a slag-heap."
(7) He had the good sense "to switch the traffic lights from red to green."

E. M. O'NEILL

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 109.—THE MAD PROFESSOR

"What is the age of your youngest daughter?" asked the Earnest Student of the Mad Professor. "I haven't seen her for—what is it?—three years."

The Mad Professor laughed. "I'll give you three guesses. If my daughters' ages (in years) were multiplied together, the product would equal the number of pennies in a fiver. If their ages were *added* together, the total would fall ten short of my wife's age."

"How old is your wife?" asked the Earnest Student suspiciously.

The Mad Professor told him.

The Earnest Student pondered.

"I never make a mistake in arithmetic. Your youngest daughter's age is the same as my niece's."

"Wrong," said the Mad Professor.

"Then she's the same age as my nephew."

"Wrong again."

How old is the Mad Professor's wife?

PROBLEM 107.—JOHN CITIZEN

The five portraits are:

(1) *Baldwin.*
(2) *MacDonald.*
(3) *Lloyd George.*
(4) *Lansbury.*
(5) *Churchill.*

The problem, however tackled, involves a certain amount of trial. The simplest plan, perhaps, is to take, say, Britomart's list and consider in turn the 10 possibilities derived from it.

PROBLEM 106

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: R. F. Ward, 3 Crag Hall Dene, Low Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 3.

There were 118 correct solutions. 5 points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALHAMBRA. Wednesday & Saturday.
The Bing Boys Are Here.

APOLLO. Hyde Park Corner. Wed. & Sat.

COMEDY. Hi-Diddle Diddle! This Sat.

DRURY LANE. Cinderella. Daily at 2.0.

DUCHESS. Eden End. Wed. & Sat.

DUKE of YORK'S. Season of Ballet. W., S.

GLOBE. Murder in Mayfair. Tues., Th.

HAYMARKET. Wed. and Sat.
The Moon in the Yellow River.

HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Th. & Sat.

KINGSWAY. Murder in Motley. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Theatre Royal. Wed. & Sat.

PHOENIX. Ten Minute Alibi. This Sat.

ST. JAMES'. The Shining Hour. Wed., Thur.

S. MARTIN'S. Wind & the Rain. Tues., Fri.

SHAFTESBURY. The Dominant Sex. Th., S.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

OPERA AND BALLET

MERCURY, 2 Ladbroke Rd., Notting Hill Gate.
INTIMATE OPERAS Jan. 29th at 8.30.
BALLET COMPANY transferring to Duke of York's for season Jan. 28—Feb. 16 (reduced prices for Ballet Club members). Park 1000.

THEATRES

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. (Whitehall 2525.)
EVENINGS at 8.30. Mats., WEDS. & SATS., at 2.30.
GEORGE ROBEY & VIOLET LORAINE in
THE BING BOYS ARE HERE.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663). 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HYDE PARK CORNER by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
GORDON HARKER. J. H. ROBERTS.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Temple Bar 3161.
Twice Daily at 2.30 & 8.30.
LEW LESLIE'S
ENTIRELY NEW PRODUCTION
BLACKBIRDS OF 1935.

COMEDY. 8.30. SAT., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
Doug. BYNG, Greta NISSEN, Reg. GARDINER.
"HI-DIDDLE DIDDLE!"
TRANSFERRING to SAVOY TH., Mon., JAN. 28th.

DRURY LANE. Tem. 7171.
Twice Daily at 2 & 7.45.
CINDERELLA PANTOMIME.
Produced by JULIAN WYLIE.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243). 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
EDEN END
By J. B. PRIESTLEY.
LAST PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY, FEB. 2nd.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Mon. next at 8.30.
(Subsequently 8.45.) Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
A SEASON OF BALLET.
Repertory of 22 Ballets.—Four Nightly.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVENINGS at 8.30.
MATS., TUES. & THURS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON, EDNA BEST,
IVOR NOVELLO, ZENA DARE,
in **MURDER IN MAYFAIR.**

HAYMARKET. (Whi. 9832.) 8.30, sharp.
MATS., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.
THE MOON
IN THE YELLOW RIVER
By DENIS JOHNSTON.

"A PLAY OF GENIUS IN EVERY SCENE AND LINE." *Morning Post.*
"OTHER PLAYS WE MAY BE GLAD TO SEE ONCE. THIS ONE WE COULD SEE AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH ADDED ENJOYMENT EACH TIME." *Daily Mail.*
"A PLAY OF RARE THEATRICAL VITALITY." *Times.*

HIPPODROME. 8.15. Thur., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 3272).
BOBBY HOWES & BINNIE HALE in
"YES, MADAM?"
Vera Pearce, Wylie Watson, Bertha Belmore.

KINGSWAY. (Hol. 4032).
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ENID STAMP-TAYLOR, BERNARD LEE in
MURDER IN MOTLEY.

LYRIC. Ger. 3686-7. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST, MADGE TITHERADGE, ROBERT DOUGLAS.
in **THEATRE ROYAL.** Produced by Noel Coward.

PHOENIX. 8.30. Mat., SAT., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
TEN MINUTE ALIBI
TRANSFERRING to the Comedy Th., Mon., Jan. 28th.

PHOENIX. Temple Bar 8611.
WEDNESDAY next and subs. at 8.15.
Mats., THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.
FLORA ROBSON in
"MARY READ."

PICCADILLY. Gerrard 4506.
EVGS. at 8.15. Mats., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.
GWEN FFRANGCON DAVIES in
THE BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET
by RUDOLF BESIER.

ST. JAMES' Whitehall 3903.
Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
THE SHINING HOUR
with GLADYS COOPER, RAYMOND MASSEY.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443 & 1444.
EVGS., 8.30, MATS., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
NOW IN ITS 2ND YEAR.

SHAFTESBURY. (Ger. 6666). At 8.30 sharp.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.
Matinees, Thurs. & Sat., at 2.30.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283). REOPENS
Feb. 4th at 8, FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY,
NIGHTLY at 8.30, MATS., Wed. & Sat., 2.30,
with SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY in
THE CONVICT.

WYNDHAM'S. Temple Bar 3028.
Evenings 8.30, Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
WILLY FORST'S
Viennese Sensation of Europe,
MASKERADE (A),
with Paula Wessely.

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
GABY MORLAY in
the brilliant new French Film,
JEANNE (A).
Parking facilities. Seats bookable by 'phone, Ham 2285.

"NEW BABYLON"
(Famous Soviet Film of the Paris Commune),
with "*THE LITTLE SCREW*," first Russian Cartoon,
FOYLE'S ART GALLERY,
MANETTE ST., CHARING CROSS RD., W.C.2.
Fri., Jan. 25th, at 4.30, 6.30 & 8.30 p.m.
Sat., Jan. 26th, 2.30, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30.
Sun., Jan. 27th, 2.30, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30.
Tickets: 2s. 6d. (res.), 1s. 6d. & 1s. from
KINO, 86 GRAY'S INN RD., W.C.1.

NORTH LONDON FILM SOCIETY.
Sunday, Feb. 3rd, showing **LOT IN SODOM** (First perf. in London): **THE LIVING CORPSE** (Ozep-Pudovkin). Feb. 16, LECTURE and film *POTEMKIN*. For membership apply: SEC., 6 Carysfort Road, N.16.

REPERTORY THEATRES

BIRMINGHAM **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
1066 and All That. Words and Lyrics by Reginald Arkell, Music by Alfred Reynolds, from the Book by R. J. Yeatman and W. C. Sellar.

CROYDON **Repertory.**
Evenings 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Bird in Hand. By John Drinkwater.

HARROGATE **Opera House.**
Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
After All. By John Van Druten.

LIVERPOOL **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Biography. By S. N. Behrman.

NORTHAMPTON **Repertory.**
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
Heat Wave. By Roland Pertwee.

PLYMOUTH **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.45. Fri., 8.15. Mat., Sat., 2.45.
The School for Husbands.
By Frederick Jackson.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of the Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.*

RESTAURANTS

IT'S FASHIONABLE to be old-fashioned! Come to Lunch, Dinner or Late Supper at RULES (Estd. 1780). Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Licensed till midnight. Delicious food at moderate prices.

RED LION RESTAURANT, 1 Red Lion Square, the coolest and most comfortable restaurant in Bloomsbury for a quiet lunch or dinner. HOL. 7721.

MOTOR INSURANCE

PREMIUMS in the Metropolis will now depend on claims experience and other circumstances. It is more than ever desirable to obtain advice to get proper allowances. We are experts and can probably save you money. PRICE & CO., 21 Chandos St., W.C.2. TEM 2126.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUNG Viennese lady gives GERMAN LESSONS; also offers language exchange and literary co-operation to English University man. Box 660, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FLAUBERT—Wanted complete set of Flaubert, Conard edition. State condition and price. Box 661, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438-9.

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS—woven from pure Cumberland wool, warm and weather resisting. Full suit length 35s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. per yard, 56in. wide. Send for patterns. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

BOOKPLATES. Heraldic and Pictorial, designed from £2 2s. Particulars from OSBORNE, 27 Eastcastle St., London, W.1.

PURE CHINA TEA.
THE original TEMPLE GATEWAY KEEMUN direct from China in 5lb. miniature Chinese chests, canister-lined, 15s. each, cash with order or sent C.O.D. from Dept. T., ROWLAND STIMSON & CO. (estd. 1885), Stimson House, 28 Tower Hill, E.C.3.

UNITARIAN Publications Free.—"A Common-sense View of the Bible." MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed, from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

LITERARY

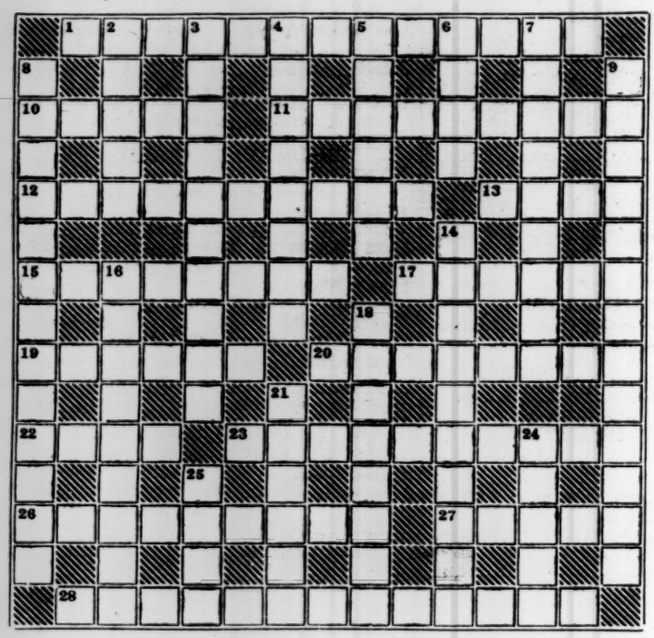
WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (191a) Palace Gate, W.8.

SHORT STORIES wanted, light and not more than 4,000 words, for New Publication.—R. MARTIN, Briar Cottage, Horley.

MAKE Writing Pay. Tens of thousands of pounds have been earned from Article and Story Writing by pupils of the Premier School of Journalism. Very many have earned considerable sums during the first few lessons. Write for free sample lesson, copyright subject chart and details of a sound professional training, whereby hundreds of men and women have achieved success. PREMIER SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, 23 Premier House, Brunswick Square, London, W.C.1.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 255

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
T. Charbonnier, Fieldhead, The Park, Mansfield, Notts.

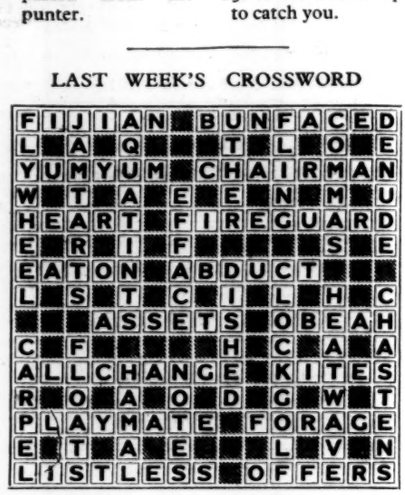
ACROSS

1. One might expect this to be preserved in stacks instead of jars.
10. One of Telugu's near relations.
11. Mother's gone inside to change.
12. Obvious description of a taxi-cab with its flag up.
13. B doubled, but not double B.
15. First operative act.
17. Unarticled classical plebeians.
19. .I of a man.
20. Not a Nordic doll.
22. Order of American animals.
23. Caesar refused to be crowned on this feast.
26. Sort of jaw that suggests being fired at.
27. Foolish Scottish way of holing out with the tee shot.
28. Pale men matter constitutionally.

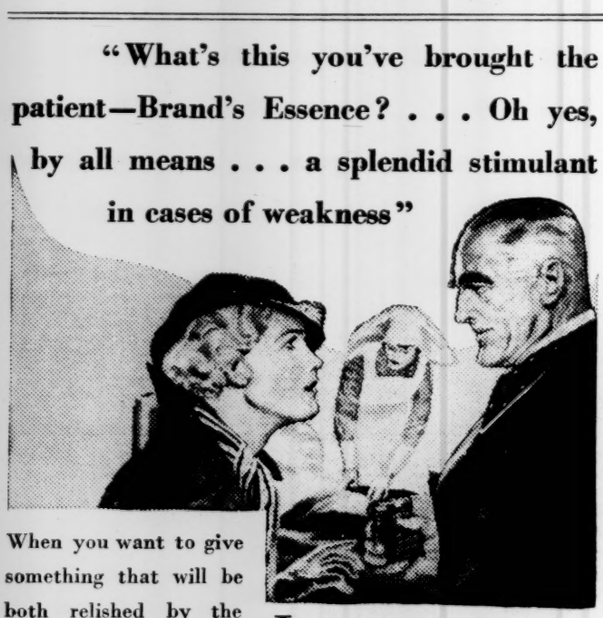
DOWN

2. Of course airmen are timorous when crossing this sea.
3. Everybody aforetime.
4. A hot mix-up in a book.
5. Say, put the sign there again.
6. Hindu Adam.
7. Seen between Sunset and the Evening Star.
8. Describes the punt pole when parted from the punter.
9. One cannot toast by this.
14. Usually bagged in church.
16. Titmouse that apes a judge passing sentence of death.
18. Result of a mass movement.
21. The dogs go for him in America.
24. A thoroughfare mounting up to Buckingham Palace.
25. A bit turned up to catch you.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



"What's this you've brought the patient—Brand's Essence? . . . Oh yes, by all means . . . a splendid stimulant in cases of weakness"



When you want to give something that will be both relished by the patient and approved by the doctor . . . something to kindle new strength, and to prompt the return of that interest so necessary for recovery . . . you will think first of Brand's Essence.

In sickness give
BRAND'S
BEEF OR CHICKEN
ESSENCE
Brand's revives strength
From chemists everywhere

1563 1831
MARTINS BANK
LIMITED

Chairman: EDWARD B. ORME
Deputy Chairman: Rt. Hon. LORD COLWYN, P.C.
R. M. HOLLAND-MARTIN, C.B.
SIR RICHARD D. HOLT, BART, LL.D.
General Manager: J. M. FURNISS

Capital Paid Up and Reserves - - £7,382,797
Deposits, etc., at 31st Dec., 1934 £82,620,033
Total Assets over £94,000,000

Every Banking Facility and Service

SAFE DEPOSIT
for the convenience of customers at
68 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.3 and
AFRICA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, W.C.2

DISTRICT OFFICES (with Local Boards of Directors):
MANCHESTER - - 43 SPRING GARDENS, 2
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE - 22 GREY STREET, 1
LEEDS - - - - 28-30 PARK ROW, 1

London Office: 68 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.3

Head Office: WATER ST., LIVERPOOL, 2

COMPANY MEETING

MICHAEL NAIRN & GREENWICH

DIVIDEND OF 12½% MAINTAINED

The thirteenth annual general meeting of Michael Nairn and Greenwich, Ltd., was held on January 17th in London.

Sir Michael Nairn, Bt. (the chairman), after referring to the loss which the Kirkcaldy company had sustained by the death of Mr. George Smart, the oldest member of the office staff, said that dividends from investments, interest, etc., were greater than last year by £38,883. They were therefore again in a position to recommend a final dividend of 7½ per cent., which made 12½ per cent. for the year. The steady maintenance of a dividend of 12½ per cent. for 12 consecutive years was the best justification of the conservative but enterprising policy followed by the directors of their various subsidiary companies.

While they could speak with certainty about the results of the past, it was difficult to forecast the future, but the present indications were that the industrial activity generally experienced in this country in 1934 might be expected to continue during the current year. Conditions abroad were not quite the same, and the dominant need to-day was a condition of stability, such as they had been enjoying at home during the past year. There were signs to-day of a return of stability in various countries overseas, and the directors were devoting the closest attention to the question of the export trade, in which their associated companies were deeply interested.

He had duly carried out his extended tour abroad, visiting first their works in Australia, and had found the business there had greatly improved during the last year. The factory was well equipped and well managed under an enthusiastic personnel. Their Australian factory, although operating in what must be a limited market, was now a profit-earning concern, and, given a stable Government in that country, he looked forward to successful results. He had also visited New Zealand, returning home via Fiji, Vancouver, and other centres in Canada. Altogether he had been gratified to find Nairn products well distributed in all countries visited.

Last year he had informed shareholders that they had decided to transfer to Kirkcaldy the manufacture of goods being made at the present time at their Greenwich works. Considerable progress had been made, although the work was of such magnitude that it would be a year or two before it was completed. When the new factory for Greenwich goods in Kirkcaldy was completed, it would be found that in the industry there was no more up-to-date inlaid linoleum plant in existence.

The report was unanimously adopted.

COMPANY MEETING

NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

SATISFACTORY PROGRESS AND STRONG POSITION

At the eighty-fifth annual meeting of the National Building Society, held on January 18th at Southern House, E.C., Mr. George Elkington, J.P., F.R.I.B.A. (the chairman) congratulated the members on the excellent financial position disclosed by the accounts.

He stated that the total assets of the Society at the end of the financial year were £24,887,687, and showed a net increase during the year of £2,111,397. At the present time the total assets were well over £25,000,000.

During the year the Subscriptions were £3,612,038, and the withdrawals £1,939,463. The proportion of withdrawals to invested capital was very moderate, and was even less than last year, and again offered good ground for the belief that Members looked upon their shares as permanent investments only to be dealt with for good and sufficient personal reasons. The Members' Capital at the end of the year was £22,515,451, being a net increase of £1,735,505.

Mr. Elkington pointed out that share interest had been maintained unchanged during the year, namely, upon all share investments made prior to June 1st, 1933, the rate of interest had been four per cent. per annum, and on later investments three and a half per cent. per annum, in each case free of Income Tax.

The advances made during the year upon approved freehold and leasehold properties amounted to £4,687,386, which was £684,910 more than the advances last year. These advances were larger in number and on the average smaller in individual amount than in previous years.

During the year a portion of the Society's holding in Stock Exchange securities was sold and the proceeds reinvested in Corporation loans, a profit of £94,745 being realised. The total investments at the end of the year stood at £1,717,388, and produced an average income of £3 19s. 4d. per cent.

The balance of profit was £1,136,516, of which share interest absorbed £851,061, and the remainder had been dealt with by appropriating a further £5,000 to the staff pension funds, and transferring £30,454 to Reserve No. 2 and £250,000 to Reserve No. 1, which now stood at £1,000,000.

In conclusion, the Chairman said he felt sure all would agree that the Society was in a very satisfactory and prosperous condition, and what had been done showed that an organisation existed to carry on a large and expanding business.

The report and accounts were adopted, and votes of thanks were accorded to the staff as well as to the Chairman for presiding.

COMPANY MEETING

MARTINS BANK LIMITED

SURVEY OF IMPROVING TRADE

BANKS AND NATIONAL STABILITY

The 104th annual meeting of shareholders of Martins Bank Ltd., was held at Liverpool on Tuesday.

Mr. Edward B. Orme, Chairman, who presided, said the net profit for the year was £672,257, an increase of £17,317, which should be considered satisfactory, bearing in mind that they were still some way from full trade recovery. With the amount brought forward of £207,903 there was an available balance of £880,160, from which it was proposed to repeat the dividend at the rate of 14 per cent. per annum, to allocate £75,000 to premises account, and carry forward £222,754.

Cash in hand and at the Bank of England amounted to £9,669,114, or 11.7 per cent. of the Bank's liabilities to the public. Investments, which had become the largest asset item, amounted to £32,235,450. Advances to customers were £30,349,576, and deposits, the principal item of all bank balance sheets, amounted to £82,620,032.

Trade throughout the world gave signs of recovery during the year, and despite the check the improvement had received, considerable ground had been gained. Cotton, wool, and other industries were adversely affected by exchange conditions abroad, notably in Germany. The close of the year saw improvement, but the effects of Japanese competition were increasingly felt.

Reduction in unemployment was encouraging, and revival in the iron, steel, shipbuilding and engineering industries had given relief to such hard-hit districts as Clydeside and the North-East coast. Prospects for coal were brighter, largely owing to revival of the iron and steel trade, but notwithstanding increased production prices had left little margin of profit.

Shipbuilding gained ground during 1934, but output was only a fraction of the capacity of our shipyards. There was now a brighter outlook. The shipping industry had received a stimulus from the subsidising of tramp vessels.

Agriculture, under the influence of Government measures, had made a recovery from deplorable conditions prevailing a year or two ago.

The year closed with optimism, and with some justification for it, but if they analysed the reason for this optimism, it was largely due to improvement in internal trade, fostered by protection, and schemes of various kinds. These methods had benefited the country, but it was by international trade the United Kingdom lived, and until this flowed freely it was useless expecting a return to abundant prosperity.

With the rising price of gold we need not be so concerned as with the policy of those who possess the gold. If it were only to be stored and sterilised in vaults in France and America, or hoarded elsewhere, then the price would rise and commodity prices be depressed, but the gold would not perform its essential function as the basis of world credit. The problem of how to bring about distribution of gold throughout the world still remained. Was it too much to hope that America would lower her tariffs to an extent which would allow those countries starved of gold to trade with her, so restoring to the world free movement of goods, services, capital and credit?

If only the two great English-speaking nations, Great Britain and America, could be brought together in close collaboration, with a determination to settle outstanding problems, we need not despair of solution of the world's difficulties, including not the least of them, the question of armaments.

Banks were criticised at times for not lending more freely to industry. Banks were eager to lend to approved borrowers. What they were not prepared to do was to tie up money in long term advances which might be difficult of repayment.

While much criticism of Banks was not serious some of it was definitely unfriendly, with political bias behind it, and this should be opposed. Government control of Banks, which would mean control by the particular Government of the day in the interests of its own schemes, would be detrimental not only to the customers and shareholders of Banks but to the country as a whole.

A further type of criticism resented the prosperity of Banks and their dividends. The dividend represented not only the earnings of capital but the earnings of reserves which had taken over 100 years to accumulate. Banks had learned from long experience to conserve their resources during prosperous days so that they might meet lean times with equanimity. It was to be regretted that there should be any impression that a Bank prospered when trade was depressed. British Banks were strong, and were a source of pride, shared by the majority of the public, who did not desire any change in the constitution or control of the Banks, for a sound and independent banking system was one of the best guarantees of political and financial stability.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

A PREFERENCE "COVER"—FIXED TRUST "YIELDS"—DISCOUNT COMPANY SKILL—AUSTRALIAN STOCKS AND IMPERIAL TOBACCO

NATIONALISATION of the joint stock banks received support in an unexpected quarter this week. No less an "authority" than the City Editor of the *Times* wrote on January 21st: "If power really exists to create money with no more trouble than the making of entries in books, it seems hard to deny that it should be taken out of private hands and transferred to the State to be used not for private benefit and profit, but for the profit and benefit of the community." Labour politicians will be glad to quote so conservative an opinion when electioneering begins in earnest. Is not the *Times* the organ of respectability, the mouthpiece of the City fathers? Of course, the City Editor of the *Times* goes on to say that he does not believe that the banks create money, but the Labour canvasser has merely to quote a section of the Macmillan Committee's report, which plainly shows how the banks can and do create money within the limits of their conventional "ratios." On such a technical matter most laymen will accept the considered opinion of an expert committee rather than the week-end reflections of a financial journalist. On the day following his remarkable dictum on banking, the City Editor of the *Times* commented on the prospectus of a new property company, Sun Real Estates, pointing out that the dividend on the preference shares was covered nearly twice on the basis of income received from properties *if fully let*. Statistically, it would have been more accurate to say that, including the service of the first mortgages, the dividend on the preference shares would be covered about 1¼ times only if the properties were fully let. Suppose the properties were not fully let! It would have been pertinent to remark that a reduction of 13 per cent. in the imaginary gross rentals would un-cover the preference dividends. Seeing that the allowance for management expenses, repairs and voids, etc., was only 13½% of gross rentals, these preference shares called for criticism. I trust that readers who accept the opinion of the *Times* on banking do not accept it on the question of preference dividend cover.

* * *

I am making a collection of desirable amendments to the Companies Act which I intend to bring to the notice of any Government more alive to the abuses of the financial system than the present one. Suggestions from readers will be gratefully received. One amendment is to compel issuing houses and brokers to give the statistically correct "cover" for preference dividends in their prospectuses and "placing" notices. Another is to bring the Fixed Trusts under the Companies Act and to compel them to advertise statistically correct yields. If a Fixed Trust sells its rights to bonus shares (most of them are compelled to do so under the terms of their incorporation) it invariably includes the proceeds in its income for the calculation of "yield." Again, if it holds gold-mining shares, it includes in its income the full dividends received, although a part of the dividends should be regarded as return of capital. Thus, the advertised yield on a fixed trust unit often represents not merely income but income plus return of capital or capital profits. I am surprised that the joint stock banks and other financial institutions which receive goodly fees (and a share in the Stock Exchange brokerage in the buying or selling of the underlying securities) for acting as trustees to a Fixed Trust do not take pains to see that the advertisements, carrying their name, convey a full and correct statistical picture to the small and possibly ignorant investor. Under a national system of planned investment the only Fixed Trust would be one operated by the Government, but while our financial excrescences remain, I would amend the law to require the advertisements of a Fixed Trust to state the fees and commissions received by the trustees as well as by the managers.

* * *

Financial excrescences bring me to the discount companies. But they are really no longer discount companies but a stock exchange. Let us raise our hats to the discount managers for achieving the impossible—that is, for increasing their profits in a year when, discount rates being below money rates, there was a running loss on bills held against loans. (Treasury Bills gave an average return last year of 14*s*. 8*d*. per cent. and the clearing banks charged 1 per cent. for loans up to October and ½ per cent. thereafter.) How was the miracle achieved? Of course, the discount company did not always make a loss on its bills. It could have borrowed money more cheaply from "outside" the clearing banks and it could occasionally have sold bills before maturity at a capital profit. But, generally speaking, bills were unprofitable and the discount companies turned to other activities—investment and jobbing. Holdings of British Government securities were enlarged and profits were no doubt increased by the high running yield obtained on stocks such as Conversion 5 and 4½ per cent. and 3½ per cent. War Loan. But it was in making jobbing profits that the discount companies proved their financial adroitness. As jobbers in short-dated British Government securities the discount directors showed that they could out-deal the Stock Exchange. When it comes to taking in each others washing, the ancient institutions of the City show a keenly competitive spirit. The following table reveals the changes in the assets and profits of the three leading discount companies in the past two years:—

(Figures of "*The Economist*")

December 31st.	Alexanders. 1933. £	Alexanders. 1934. £	National. 1933. £	National. 1934. £	Union. 1933. £	Union. 1934. £
Assets.			000's omitted.			
Cash	600	600	800	800	1,300	1,400
Investments ..	10,200	12,600	6,400	8,700	11,800	14,200
Loans	500	700	600	600	400	1,600
Discounts ..	16,800	12,000	46,000	35,600	48,700	43,000
Revenue Account.						
Gross profit ..	227	458	181	202	309	308
Expenses ..	58	64	43	51	81	77
Investment reserve ..	—	200	—	—	—	—
Net profit ..	169	194	138	151	228	231

The next table gives the present market prices and dividend yields of the shares of these three companies:—

	December, 1934. Middle Price.	Earned. %	Paid. %	Yield. £ s. d.
Alexanders Discount £2 Shares (£1 paid)	89/–	23.8*	19.0	4 5 6
National Discount "B" £7 10*s*. Shares (£2 10*s*. paid) ..	13⅛	26.4†	24.0	4 11 6
Union Discount £5 Shares (£2 10*s*. paid)..	12 5/16	22.3	20.0	4 1 3

* Earned rate before charging £200,000 to Investment Reserve was 56 per cent.

† Earned rates before charging £10,000 to Pension Fund was 28.7 per cent.

If such excellent results can be shown in a period when bills afforded no profit, the shares of the discount companies are an attractive "recovery" investment. And I do not suppose that, having proved jobbing in gilt-edged stocks to be highly profitable, the discount companies will ever again limit themselves to their real business.

* * *

While Australia was arranging its ninth conversion loan in London—£22,384,000 Commonwealth Fives being converted into 3¼ per cent. stock, 1956/61, at par—the Commonwealth Prime Minister was declaring to his electorate that unless Great Britain abandoned its meat quota schemes, Australia would not be able to pay the interest on her external debt. It is indeed fortunate that the Commonwealth Government should have been able to convert £146.8 millions of stock in a period of cheap money, saving in annual interest £2.4 millions (English), or £3 millions (Australian), when its credit stood high and its cash reserves in London were piling up. For the year to June 30th, 1934, Australia had a favourable balance of trade, including gold exports, of £37.5 millions. In the first four months of the current financial year, exports were lower and imports higher, and a debit balance was shown of £1 million against a favourable balance of £10 millions in the corresponding period of 1933/4. It seems clear that Australian Government credit is now at its peak, and that wise investors should be preparing to leave Australian Government loans for other securities.

* * *

I would sooner hold Imperial Tobacco ordinary shares at 143*s*. (cum 15 per cent. tax free) to yield £4 2*s*. 9*d*. per cent. gross, than a Colonial Government stock yielding 3¼ per cent. The Imperial Tobacco Company lived up to its market reputation by increasing its bonus from 5 per cent. to 7½ per cent., making the total distribution for the year 22½ per cent., tax free, as against 20 per cent., tax free, in the previous year. I have already referred to the benefits which were accruing to the Imperial Tobacco group from the elimination of coupon trading. Shareholders have not yet tasted of the benefits.

COMPANY MEETING

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

MR. WILLIAM FAVILL TUKE'S ADDRESS

The fortieth Ordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders was held in London on Wednesday last, Mr. William Favill Tuke, Chairman, presiding. The Chairman expressed their profound sorrow at the death of Mr. Frederick Craufurd Goodenough, the late Chairman, and as a tribute to his memory the meeting stood in silence. The Chairman, after referring to his own appointment and that of Mr. Edwin Fisher as Deputy Chairman and other changes on the board, continued:—

You will notice that our deposits, as compared with last year, have increased by £1,333,987 to £380,093,759. On the other hand, the average for 1934, as shown in our monthly statements, was lower than in 1933 by £10,877,000, the reduction being 2.9 per cent. During the same period the average deposits of the ten London clearing banks, as a whole, declined by £73,112,000 or by 3.7 per cent. We have, therefore, rather more than held our own.

On the other side of the balance sheet, cash in hand and with the Bank of England shows a reduction compared with the figures for December 31, 1933, but money at call and short notice is higher by slightly more than a corresponding amount.

The Chairman then dealt with the Money Market and the decline in the volume of Treasury bills available. Continuing, he said:—

Liquidity has always been a cardinal principle in the policy of the large British banks—a principle which has been fully justified by the events of the last few years. For this purpose it is essential that there should be an adequate supply of bills and short-dated securities, and it is, therefore, hoped that the Government, when considering further funding operations, will bear in mind the type of security which bankers and the Discount Market require.

Investments.

The total of the bank's investments, apart from share holdings in our subsidiary banks, stands in our balance sheet for December 31 last at £103¼ million, an increase during the year of just over £5 million. Their market value at that date was, however, substantially in excess of the balance sheet figure because of the high level of prices. The appreciation in our investments, of which no account has been taken in the balance sheet, provides a very considerable reserve against a possible depreciation in their value in the future, but it has not added to the earning capacity of the bank.

Advances.

I am glad to say that advances to customers are rather higher than a year ago, although they are still below what we regard as the normal ratio. The action we have taken in "nursing" some of our customers during the years of depression has been more than justified. We have approximately 200,000 customers who are borrowing from us in one form or another, and I mention this fact because, from time to time, suggestions are made that the banks are not sufficiently interested in the smaller borrower. This is not true.

Profit and Loss Account.

The net profit for the year ended December 31 last, after payment of all charges, provision having been made for bad and doubtful debts and contingencies, amounted to £1,708,173 16s. 6d., to which has to be added the sum of £570,238 7s. 6d. brought forward from the previous year, making a total of £2,278,412 4s. to be dealt with. The profit shows a small increase as compared with the previous year.

Having regard to all the surrounding circumstances, the directors have decided to recommend to the shareholders the payment of dividends at the same rates as for the year 1933, and, in addition, they propose to allocate the sum of £100,000 to the reduction of premises account, leaving £564,136 13s. 10d. to be carried forward.

As you know, it has been our policy to maintain dividends at a level rate and that dividends should only be increased or decreased in most exceptional circumstances. During the War and during other periods when large profits were being made in industry and when the bank's earnings were also on a higher level, very substantial sums were retained in the business instead of being disbursed by way of dividends. This policy has been pursued by ourselves and by other banks. It is a policy which has proved sound, and it has been beneficial, not only to our shareholders, but also to our customers and to the country at large.

A second benefit as a result of the conservative policy pursued is that, in periods of depression, bankers in this country are under no compulsion to force the liquidation of immobilised positions, but, in cases where the customers' business is fundamentally sound and the difficulties are likely to be overcome, they can afford to "nurse" them until prosperity returns.

In countries where the banks for any reason have failed or have been unable gradually to accumulate large sums against a rainy day except by way of published reserves, the liquidation of banking advances in times of depression has of necessity been carried out much more drastically and frequently with disastrous consequences. In no country in the world has liquidation been carried out with such leniency as in this country, and one reason for this is that when times were good the banks put money back into their business instead of disbursing it in the form of dividends.

The Banks and Industry.

I commenced my banking career over fifty years ago and I feel that my generation has helped to build up a banking system of which it can well be proud. It is a system which, despite its strength and its magnitude, remains human. Unhampered by legislative restrictions, it has, from a sense of responsibility, established standards which place duty to depositors and to the community far ahead of any question of gain. The freedom of action resulting from the lack of legislative restrictions has made possible an elasticity which has enabled the banks to adjust their organisation to changing conditions and, as a result, the development of industry has been accompanied, step by step, by an improvement in the financial facilities available, without which much of the progress of the past half century would have been impossible.

It is contended in some quarters that the British banks have at times failed to provide adequate credit for industry. It is my experience, however, that, as a matter of actual fact, the customer of a British bank, who is creditworthy, can always obtain legitimate—I would stress this word—banking accommodation. The misunderstandings on this subject arise from a failure to appreciate the many problems involved in conducting a sound deposit banking system and, in particular, the vital difference between banking money—that is to say, money repayable on demand, and investment or quasi-investment money. It may be that there is a gap in our financial system which needs filling. I will not discuss this question to-day beyond saying that no one with a real knowledge of his subject would suggest that such a gap could be filled by the deposit banks without sacrificing essential strength and solidity.

The Outlook.

Looking to the future, I am afraid that a full tide of prosperity, such as will enable us to reduce unemployment to a normal level, is not yet in sight. Since 1931 our position has improved enormously, both from the financial and the trading aspects. We have done very well, and the progress we have made has been the envy of other countries, while it cannot be doubted that the measure of recovery that we are experiencing must have favourable reactions in other parts of the world. At the same time, we still have over 2,000,000 unemployed, and it is idle to think that we can obtain that standard of well-being, which is our aim, while international trade is cramped and restricted, as it is at present, by tariffs and quotas, exchange difficulties, the breakdown of overseas lending, the restriction of production, by political uneasiness, lack of confidence, and that extreme nationalism which is both the cause and the result of these difficulties.

There has undoubtedly been an improvement in economic conditions in many directions during the past two years, and certain of the factors which were responsible for the depression are being gradually eliminated. Much of the revival that has taken place has been in internal, as opposed to external, business and, in certain countries, conditions remain very difficult. Nevertheless, the reduction in the quantum of world trade has been definitely checked, the rise in industrial production has been partly responsible for a decline in the stocks of certain raw materials, the fall in wholesale prices has been arrested in many countries, and there has been some improvement in the purchasing power of primary commodities in terms of manufactured goods. Moreover, the trend of events in the capital markets in a number of countries indicates a return of confidence amongst investors. All these developments suggest that the world is gradually emerging from the depression, but it would be unwise to ignore the fact that much has yet to be done before we can hope to return to the level of prosperity which the progress of science and invention has made possible. The so-called "gold bloc" countries may have to decide between devaluation and further deflation, and if finally they are compelled to choose the latter course we know from our own painful experience that many economic and political problems have to be overcome before an equitable equilibrium between prices and wages can be attained. Other countries have yet to solve their debt problems both internal and external, while yet others have to decide whether or not they will, by lowering their tariffs, receive payment of debts owing to them in the only form in which such debts can ultimately be paid—that is to say, in goods and services. Until greater progress has been made in the solution of these and other problems, one of the major requirements of the present situation—that is, a return to an effective international monetary system—cannot be accomplished. We must have a stable basis for international trade before its volume can be substantially increased, and gold is, in my view, the only practicable basis, because, apart from other reasons, it is the only one in which the people of the world appear to have confidence. I feel, however, that it would be a mistake of the first magnitude for this country to return to gold until some at least of the difficulties I have mentioned have been adjusted and until there is a reasonable probability that the system will be allowed to function normally, so that it can fulfil its essential purpose of maintaining equilibrium between the price levels of the various countries of the world.

In the meantime we must make the best of conditions as we find them, developing our overseas trade in every direction possible, while being careful to avoid any steps which may hinder, and taking every opportunity to assist, world recovery.

The Report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

COMPANY MEETING

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

Mr. McKENNA'S ADDRESS

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the Midland Bank Limited was held on January 24, 1935. The CHAIRMAN (The Right Hon. R. McKenna) said in part:

Next year we celebrate our centenary. We are fortunate in this, for the first fifty years of our life covered a period of serious and sometimes fatal instability among banks. Many fell by the way, not because bankers were less honest or less intelligent than other people, but because commercial banking, always a difficult art, becomes exceptionally difficult in a period of pronounced economic change, and bankers had not been able to gain the necessary experience. As time went on it became evident that small local banks were quite unable to meet the demands of fast expanding industry, and the paramount need of stability compelled the absorption of many of them into larger units, with the result that nearly all are now consolidated into a few great institutions.

Increasing size has brought stability and more efficient service, but at the same time has rendered the banks conspicuous and an attractive subject for the political platform. The would-be reformers have put the banks upon their defence, not on any proof of inefficiency, but in deference to a theoretic principle that they ought to be nationally owned and controlled. The application of this principle to banking is alleged by its exponents to be an over-riding social obligation, though probably the millions of customers of the banks will base their judgment on more practical considerations. For business people the decision will turn, not upon abstract questions of proprietorship and control, but upon the plain issue: Is the consumer of banking service, whether as the owner of deposited funds or as a trade borrower, likely to be better, more economically and more fairly served by one vast bank, invested with all the powers of unrestrained monopoly, or by a few highly competitive institutions?

DANGERS OF MONOPOLY

We must not forget that a monopoly would still be a monopoly, even though under direct state management and control. If it stood for a private combination of the existing banks it would be called a money trust—a name of ill-omen for commercial freedom; but it would be none the less a money trust if the control were exercised by a nominee of the Government. There is no such trust to-day. The banks are in active competition with each other, and can maintain their own shares of the available business only by efficient service and sympathetic consideration of their customers' requirements. Any bank which failed to satisfy its customers would lose them. But what protection would the customer have if all banking were under one control? Then indeed the power of the single bank could be misused oppressively in a manner we are now hardly able to conceive.

Moreover, a monopoly, which can be efficiently operated only on a basis of more or less complete standardisation, could not be expected to show the responsiveness to individual needs which is essential to good banking. What, then, is to be gained by it? So far as I have seen, nothing adequate or even feasible has been suggested. I assume that no one wishes to make banking a state monopoly in order to earn larger profits and thus contribute to the relief of taxpayers. Any monopoly of an essential service can be used to extort large profits at the expense of the public; but a profit-making motive is not avowed by those who urge this particular project of nationalisation. I conclude that there is no assurance of any compensating benefit to set against the grave evils which must arise if all banking power were concentrated in one hand.

BANKING PROFITS

The mention of banking profits leads me to answer the allegation, frequently heard, that the banks make excessive profits, whereas in fact they neither make nor even seek them. On this subject there is much misunderstanding, which has in part an historical basis. Before the rise of the joint stock banks the private banker conducted his business with the object of increasing his personal wealth, but in this sense no such person as a banker now exists. The only people interested in the profits of the joint stock banks are the shareholders and the staff, and so far as I know the critics of competitive banking do not include a reduction of bank salaries among the objectives of banking consolidation.

The most plausible ground for the charge of excessive profit-making lies in the generally high rates of dividend paid by the banks, but a very little consideration of the facts will dispose of this argument. Take, for example, the Midland Bank, which distributes 16 per cent. on its paid-up capital. It is justified in paying this rate because the figure of paid-up capital by no means represents the shareholders' true interest. The great bulk of the capital has been issued at a premium, which has been credited to the reserve fund. Moreover, throughout the history of the bank, whenever profits sufficed, some portion has been withheld from the shareholders and allocated to reserves. Thus the reserves, both published and internal, have been contributed by the shareholders either directly by way of premium on new shares issued, or as undistributed profits over a period of at least a century. These reserves, which are clearly the property of the shareholders, are used in the business of the bank; they earn profit, and the shareholders receive their share of the profit in the dividend paid on what is really a nominal capital. So far from 12 to 18 per cent., I doubt if the dividends paid by the banks amount to as much as 5 per cent. on the accumulated funds belonging to the shareholders—I doubt, indeed, if they exceed the return upon the capital invested by the British public in the Post Office.

THE BANKS AND INDUSTRY

It is sometimes alleged as a more practical criticism that the banks are not sufficiently ready to advance money for the encouragement of trade and industry. It is enough here for me to remind you that advances constitute the most remunerative part of a bank's business, and that our managers naturally desire to show a profit on the working of their branches. The whole weight of our practice is in favour of granting an advance; and if the total outstanding is low, it is not because we are unwilling to lend, but because traders have relatively little need to borrow. Speaking from our own experience, it is notable that among the numerous groups into which our advances are regularly classified, one of the very few to show an increase over the past year is "miscellaneous manufacturers," the group into which many new and small enterprises naturally fall, while more than one-half of the total number of our advances are in sums not exceeding £100.

When complaints are heard that the banks are too conservative in their lending policy it must be remembered that the primary function of a bank is the safe custody of its customers' money, and in this respect the banks can well afford to be judged on their record. During the long years of our declining trade, which happily came to an end nearly three years ago, British banks suffered in common with commerce and industry generally. Dividends were reduced and reserves, both published and internal, were drawn upon by nearly all the joint stock banks. At no time, however, was there the slightest suspicion or suggestion of weakness. Government assistance for the banks was neither sought nor needed, and it is worth noting that this stability, so rare in the world, was found in just that country where banks are entirely free from Government regulation and control. Much money was lost by traders and investors, but the depositors' money was never in danger.

FUTURE CHANGES IN BANKING.

I have replied to criticisms commonly levelled against the banks, but I am no more disposed than any of the critics to assume that the present organisation and methods of banking are the best for all time. The next hundred years will see changes, not so great perhaps as the last, yet great enough to make our successors regard them as important. The changes, however, if they are to be of lasting value, will come not by revolutionary methods but, as in the past, by steady evolution. Banks are the servants of trade and industry, and must adapt themselves to the needs of their masters.

Moreover, the years to come may see important developments in the relation between the central bank and the commercial banks. In the early years of joint stock banking the new institutions were regarded by the Bank of England with the gravest suspicion and faced with active opposition. As, however, the joint stock banks established their position and gave evidence of growing efficiency and of stability in times of strain, the old antagonism vanished. But since then the technique of monetary policy has progressed rapidly. The quantity of our money is no longer governed by the fortuitous supply of gold and the degree to which hoarding is practised by central banks and others; the quantity of money is subject now to pure management, with first regard to the needs of commerce and industry. In these circumstances the authority responsible for monetary policy needs the full collaboration of all sections of the monetary system for the proper execution of its functions. Co-operation between the central bank and the money market long ago reached an advanced stage; but co-operation between the central bank and the commercial banks is still only intermittent and limited to the necessities of special occasions. Under such conditions monetary policy must fail to be either as well-informed or efficient in action as it might be. It is possible, therefore, that we shall see regular communication between the central bank and the commercial banks in carrying out a policy designed to ensure the maximum contribution to industrial development from the monetary factor.

The stability of our banking institutions is a matter of incalculable public importance, and I do not think anyone will deny that it has contributed substantially to the improved economic conditions in this country to-day. Without a revival of business enterprise, of which confidence in financial institutions is an essential, the progress of the past three years would have been impossible. On the monetary side, assuming as we safely may that the Government policy of the last three years remains in force, we can find good reason for expecting continued expansion of the nation's business. Here, however, we are faced with some gloomy prophecies. It is rightly pointed out that our recovery so far has been based predominantly on a broadening of the home market, and for reasons which are never fully explained it is concluded that we have reached or closely approached the limit of possible expansion on this basis. For further recovery, we are told, we must rely on a wider opening of foreign markets for our goods, and all agree that this desirable development is still a long way off. Accordingly we must be content with a continuance

(*Continued on opposite page*)

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED—(*Continued from opposite page*).

of the present level of business activity until conditions beyond our control become in their own good time more favourable.

For myself, I emphatically dissent from this fatalistic conclusion, which fails to tell us why recovery should have proceeded precisely to this point and be unable to go beyond it. As far as I can see, the conclusion is based upon a grudging admission of the power of monetary policy, which is tacitly supposed to be subject to limitations in fact no longer applicable. Now that sterling is free to find its own level in relation to foreign currencies the old restrictions on our power of development are removed, and there is no need for deflationary pressure to be put upon us as on the countries in the gold bloc. This holds true for the whole sterling group, which transacts a very large share of the world's trade and in which monetary policy has already brought about a substantial measure of recovery. It is difficult to find any reason why continuance of the monetary policy of the past three years should not yield equally favourable results.

The facts illustrate very forcefully a striking benefit resulting from our departure from gold. Under the old system the recent decline in sterling, which is not indicative of any weakening of our international position, would nevertheless have necessitated deflationary measures in order to protect the gold stock, and those measures would have had depressing effects on our internal trade. Now, however, deflation, except as a corrective of internal inflation, has been banished as an unnecessary and discredited instrument of a freely operative monetary policy. There is at present no evidence of inflation—our price level is steady and there is no extravagant stock exchange speculation on borrowed money. Accordingly, no reason can be found, either in the internal situation or in the position of our balance of payments, for reversing the monetary policy which has proved so successful in the past three years.

We may conclude that, even allowing for the large measure of recovery already achieved, it remains possible to promote a further expansion of business on the basis of a growing domestic demand induced by monetary policy. Other conditions are necessary, but happily they are in large measure present. The tariff and trade agreements are enabling our producers, while maintaining the standard of living of their workers, to secure a full share of the home market and at least some increase in exports. Business confidence is steadily rising. Some of the additional taxation imposed in 1931 has been remitted, and further relief may be hoped for. Reductions in wages, salaries and unemployment allowances have been largely made good. In these favourable circumstances there seems every prospect that a continuance of the Government's monetary policy will yield the same fruit as in the past three years. For myself, I do not believe that the limits of internal business recovery have been reached so long as a large supply of efficient labour is unused and a large aggregate of elementary wants remains unsatisfied.

The Service of the Bank.

Speaking of the operations of the bank Mr. McKenna said:—I need hardly remind you that the past fifty years have seen great changes in banking methods as well as banking structure. Perhaps the most conspicuous of these changes is shown in the far greater variety of the services rendered by the banks. Among other things may be mentioned the more efficient arrangements for the collection of coupons and dividends, and for the safe custody of securities, deeds and other valuables; the issue of letters of credit and travellers' cheques and the undertaking of general foreign exchange business; the provision of night safes—now installed at over 540 branches of this bank; the improvement of facilities for the exercise of thrift; and services in the capacity of executor or trustee. But the most advantageous of all, while at the same time the most costly to the banks and the least frequently recognised by the public, is the service performed through the cheque system, which in its widespread use is a product of the past half-century. Habit has blunted appreciation of the value of this service, which is rendered to more than 800,000 customers of this bank alone. Its scope is indicated by the fact that in the latest year for which figures are available nearly 400 million cheques were drawn upon banks in England and Wales. The Inland Revenue imposes a charge of twopence upon every cheque drawn, but the drawer of the cheque imposes a greater charge upon his bank, for a large proportion of our expenditure on staff is attributable solely to this service.

From the point of view of the earning capacity of the bank it is evident that the very heavy standing charges involved in these varied services are almost entirely unaffected by variations in the income from our assets and the outgoings in the form of interest on deposits. Although the actual volume of service rendered is constantly growing, the earning power of the business is subject to considerable fluctuation. Thus our profits last year, notwithstanding some recovery, were about £400,000 lower than in 1929, mainly because the reduced yield on our bills, investments and accommodation to customers has not been fully counterbalanced by smaller interest outgoings. To this extent the public are paying less for at least as much service as before the slump, and industry and trade are enjoying the benefit of lower net charges for the varied facilities of banking.

The report was adopted, other ordinary business was transacted, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs:

One Year, post free - - - 30*s.* 0*d.*
Six Months ,, ,, - - - 15*s.* 0*d.*
Three ,, ,, ,, - - - 7*s.* 6*d.*

All communications should be addressed:

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BUMPUS

REMOVAL SALE

A sale of books withdrawn from stock and offered at greatly reduced prices is being held on the First Floor during January. All classes of literature are included, and the sale presents an unusual opportunity of acquiring many good books at a remarkably low price.

J. & E. BUMPUS LTD.
Booksellers to His Majesty The King
350 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1
NEW ADDRESS AFTER FEBRUARY 4th:
477 OXFORD STREET, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 3601

BOOKS

WHERE TO STAY

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THACKERAY HOTEL. OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8*s.* 6*d.* per night. Illustrated Booklet, "London Old and New," on application.

ARUNDEL HOTEL, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.2. Overlooking Thames and Embankment Gardens, Very quiet. 100 rooms. Modern equipment. Room. Breakfast and Bath from 9*s.* 6*d.*

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5*s.* a night or 30*s.* weekly (one night only 5*s.* 6*d.*) With dinner, 6*s.* 6*d.* or 2 guineas weekly.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3*d.* post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A. LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

CHELSEA.—Comfortable bed-sitting rooms with hot and cold water, gas fires and electric light; breakfasts, baths, attendance, from 27*s.* 6*d.*, double, 3 guineas, 6*s.* per night. Dinners optional.—Flaxman House, 105 Oakley Street, S.W.3. Flaxman 7284.

STEEP, Petersfield, small guest house, beautiful district, good cooking. MRS. RIVERS, Stonerdale.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

TO 'dig' within 15 minutes of the City and West End, yet to enjoy country quietness, must be the wish of many students, business and professional men and women. Mrs. Goss recently acquired a largish house in Aberdeen Park, a private square in Highbury, and is now ready to receive about twenty guests at very moderate and inclusive terms. Leaflet on request. Mrs. I. Goss, Bedford House, Aberdeen Park, N.5. *Canonbury* 2611.

HEMMING AND HEMMING, LTD., 34 Southwick Street, W.2. 'Phone: Paddington 2364 (3 lines). Regd. Telegraphic address "HEMMITED London" for telegrams and cables.

BATHS aren't extra at HEMMING'S of Southwick Street.

TORQUAY, Howden Court. Quiet central situation Facing south and sea. Sun lounge, garden. H. and C. A.A. Telephone: 2807.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny. comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views, H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

BOURNEMOUTH, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gdns. Entirely vegetarian. H. & C. ALL bedrooms. Write MANAGER for inclusive Tariff.

PERFECT Winter Climate, famous orchestra, etc., St. Leonards-on-Sea. Try Carlton Private Hotel, in ideal marine position between two piers, amidst sheltered terrace gardens, facing Sea, South and Sunshine. Finest quality food. Expert cuisine. Lowest terms. Write SECRETARY.

DÜSSELDORF. Lady with two daughters receives paying guests (young ladies) in comfortable modern flat. 150 Mks. per month inclusive. Enquiries COWEN, 17 Meadway, N.W.11.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

THE OLD MILL CLUB,
West Harnham. SALISBURY.
Large countrified bedrooms with good attendance.
15th century Refectory.
Wonderful old Beams. Blazing Log Fires.
Three minutes by car from The Close.
Terms from 3½ guineas a week.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed. 'Phone 61.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

LIVING in Inner London, even in the best flat, is bad for physical and mental health, especially for children. Living in the country is difficult, and sometimes dull. WELWYN (30 minutes King's Cross) is a successful attempt to combine economically advantages of town and country. It is a beautifully-designed town, of limited size, surrounded by unspoiled and protected country. Good shops, schools, cinema, theatre, inexpensive golf, tennis, etc. Houses £52 to £120 p.a., or £350–£2,300. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

TWO guineas a week including all meals. Ex-naval officer, proprietor of tiny village shop, desires paying guest. Ideal for author. Own room, quiet, simple, clean. Write HITCHCOCK, Box 659, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FURNISHED or unfurnished rooms to let in Mecklenburgh Sq. 'Phone: Tem. 6020.

FURN. ROOM, 1st floor; every convenience; rent 12*s.* 6*d.* Suit business lady. Apply 117 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.